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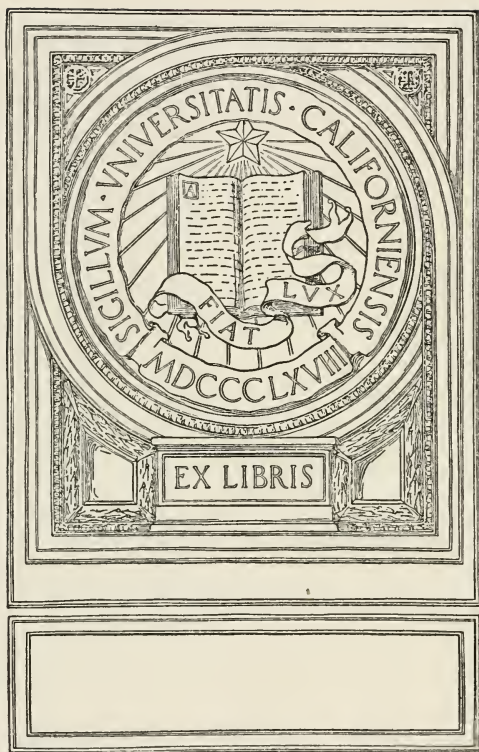


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# The Joys of Friendship

Mary Allette Ayer





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# THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP



# THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP

EDITED BY

MARY ALLETTE AYER  
EDITOR OF "DAILY CHEER YEAR BOOK"

*"Who knows the joys of friendship?  
The trust, security, and tenderness,  
The double joys, where each is glad for both?"*

— ROWE.



BOSTON  
LEE AND SHEPARD

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THE JOY OF FRIENDSHIP.

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Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.



TO MY FRIENDS

*We have been friends together,  
In sunshine and in shade.*

*God bless thee . .  
With blessing which no word can find.*

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

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## Acknowledgments

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M. A. A.

HAVERHILL, MASS.,  
June, 1905.



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The Love  
of  
Friendship

Love is the beginning, the middle, and  
the end of everything.

— *Lacordaire.*

They seem to take away the sun from the  
world who withdraw friendship from the life;  
for we have received nothing better from the  
Immortal Gods, nothing more delightful.

— *Cicero.*

This blessed thing unto mortals given,  
Long ages ago by God above,  
Is the joy of earth, and the joy of Heaven;  
And we call the priceless treasure — Love.

— *Emily Stuart Lawrence.*





“**W**HAT is the secret of your life?” asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley: “tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too.” He replied, “I had a friend.”

**B**Y friendship, I mean the greatest love, and the truest union of minds of which brave men and women are capable. — *Jeremy Taylor.*

**I** WOULD flood your path with sunshine;  
I would fence you from all ill;  
I would crown you with all blessings  
If I could have my will.

Aye! but human love may err, dear,  
And a Power All-Wise is near;  
So I only pray, God bless you,  
And God keep you through the year.

— *Anon.*

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,  
But have not Love,  
I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.  
And if I have the gift of Prophecy,  
And know all Mysteries and all Knowledge;  
And if I have all Faith, so as to remove Mountains,  
But have not Love,  
I am nothing.  
And if I bestow all my Goods to feed the poor,  
And if I give my Body to be Burned,  
But have not Love,  
It profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind;  
Love envieth not;  
Love vaunteth not itself,  
Is not puffed up,  
Doth not behave itself unseemly,  
Seeketh not its own,  
Is not provoked,  
Taketh not account of evil,  
Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,  
But rejoiceth with the Truth;  
Beareth all things, believeth all things,  
Hopeth all things, endureth all things;  
Love never faileth. — *St. Paul.*

ONLY the same old love, you know,  
I sent it to you long ago.  
Only the memories of old  
That never have grown changed or cold.

No, I have nothing new : and yet  
I scarcely think I need regret  
That it is so, for you and I  
Have precious things from days gone by.

And if good wishes, good can bring,  
Mine are with you in everything :  
So take the old love tried and true  
On from the old year to the new. — *Anon.*

MAKE new friends but keep the old ;  
Those are silver, these are gold.  
New-made friendships, like new wine,  
Age will mellow and refine.  
Friendships that have stood the test —  
Time and change — are surely best ;  
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,  
Friendship never knows decay. — *Anon.*

ALL love is sweet,  
Given or returned. Common as life is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever. — *Shelley.*

“ I CANNOT bring you wealth,” she said ;  
“ I cannot bring you fame or place  
Among the noted of the race ;  
But I can love you.

“ When trials come to test you, sweet,  
I can be sunlight to your feet ;  
My kiss your precious lips shall greet,  
Because I love you.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ If sickness comes, beside your bed  
I will bend low with quiet tread,  
And pray God’s blessing on your head,  
Because I love you.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Only myself, my all, I bring ;  
But count it, sweet, a precious thing  
To give my life an offering,  
Because I love you.”

— *Sarah K. Bolton.*

FOR life, with all it yields of joy and woe  
And hope and fear,  
Is just our chance o’ the prize of learning love. —  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

— *Robert Browning.*

“THE greatest thing,” says some one, “a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children.” I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back — for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable as Love. “Love never faileth.” Love is a success, Love is happiness, Love is life. Where Love is, God is. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God. God is love. Therefore *love*. Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, love.

— *Henry Drummond.*

THE more we love, the better we are ; and the dearer our friendships are, the dearer we are to God.

— *Jeremy Taylor.*

IT is not enough to have *moods* of affectionate expression. That would be like trusting for our water to an intermittent spring ; the thirst will come when the water is not there. The *habit* of love-ways is the need.

— *W. C. Gannett.*

STRANGE it is and sad, that a human life should so often miss the one human preciousness — the preciousness of love, with all the sympathy, all the compassion, all the sustenance that a worthy love includes. Strange and sad, for you, and for me, if we have so missed that lasting good ; stranger and sadder far to have known it and lost it.

— *Anon.*

TO live in love is to live an everlasting youth. Whoever enters old age by this royal road will find the last of life to be the very best of life. Instead of finding himself descending the hills of life, he will find it uphill all the way, into clearer air. There the vision reaches further ; here the sunsets are more golden and the twilight lasts longer.

— *Mary A. Livermore.*

LOVE is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove ;  
O no ; it is an ever-fixéd mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.

— *Shakespeare.*

THERE are many kinds of love, as many kinds  
of light,  
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.  
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that  
gives it rest,  
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest  
and the best. — *Henry van Dyke.*

ONCE in an age God sends to some of us a  
friend, who loves in us, not a false imagin-  
ing, an unreal character; but, looking through all  
the rubbish of our imperfections, loves in us the  
divine ideal of our natures, — loves not the man  
that we are, but the angel that we may be. Could  
a mysterious foresight unveil to us this resurrection  
form of the friends with whom we daily walk, com-  
passed about with mortal infirmity, we would follow  
them with faith and reverence through all the dis-  
guises of human thoughts and weaknesses, “wait-  
ing for the manifestations of the sons of God.”

— *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

LOVE is the greatest of human affections, and  
friendship the noblest and most refined im-  
provement of love. — *South.*

THE most that I can do for my friend is simply to be his friend. I have no wealth to bestow upon him. If he knows that I am happy in loving him he will want no other reward. Is not friendship divine in this?

— *Henry D. Thoreau.*

WHO are wise in love  
Love most, say least.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

WE love only partially till we know thoroughly. Grant that a closer acquaintance reveals weakness, it will also reveal strength.

— *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

LOVE veils her eyes to the imperfections of her idol, and drinks deep draughts from the fount of trust.

— *Anon.*

YOU cannot too often tell your friend you love him. If you say, "I have told him once, and he ought to remember," you are as foolish as the sun would be in saying, "I shone on the earth yesterday, and it ought to remember."

— *J. R. Miller, D.D.*



WERE there nothing else  
For which to praise the heavens but only  
love,  
Then only love were cause enough for praise.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

“LOVE in a cottage” is laughed at by very  
“judicious people,” but it is a very sweet  
thing by the side of indifference in a palace.

— *J. G. Holland.*

NOW is the time to love, and, better still,  
To serve our loved ones, over passing ill  
To rise triumphant ; thus the perfect flower  
Of life shall come to fruitage : wealth amass  
For grandest giving ere the time be gone.  
Be glad to-day, to-morrow may bring tears ;  
Be brave to-day, the darkest night will pass,  
And golden rays will usher in the dawn :  
Who conquers now shall rule the coming years.

— *Sarah K. Bolton.*

YOU may depend upon it that he is a good  
man whose intimate friends are all good,  
and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

— *Lavater.*

THE lives that make the world so sweet  
Are shy, and hide like humble flowers ;  
We pass them by with our careless feet,  
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bower,  
And cheers and comforts us, hour by hour.

— *Anon.*

ALL that I know is that you are to me  
Wind over water, star on the sea.  
Dear heart !  
Near heart !  
Long is the journey,  
Hard is the tourney ;  
Would I could be by your side when you fall —  
Would that my own heart could suffer it all !

— *Edwin Markham.*

THERE is no man imparteth his joys to his  
friend, but he joyeth the more ; and no man  
that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth  
the less.

— *Bacon.*

A FRIENDSHIP that makes the least noise is  
very often the most useful ; for which reason  
I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

— *Addison.*

GREAT hearts have largest room to bless the  
small ;

Strong natures give the weaker home and rest :

So Christ took little children to his breast,

And, with a reverence more profound, we fall

In majestic presence that can give

Truth's simplest message : " 'Tis by love we live."

— *Lucy Larcom.*

LIFE is to be fortified by many friendships.  
To love and be loved, is the greatest hap-  
piness of existence.

— *Sydney Smith.*

TO be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing.

— *Lilian Whiting.*

IT is my joy in life to find

At every turning of the road,

The strong arm of a comrade kind

To help me onward with my load :

And since I have no gold to give,

And love alone must make amends,

My only prayer is, while I live, —

*God make me worthy of my friends !*

— *Frank Dempster Sherman.*

LIFE may to you bring every good,  
Which from a Father's hand can fall :  
But if *true* lips have said to me,  
"I love you," I have known it all.

— *Phæbe Cary.*

A DAY for toil, an hour for sport,  
But for a friend life is too short.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

WHAT seems to grow fairer to me as life  
goes by is the love and grace and tender-  
ness of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur  
of knowledge — grand as knowledge is — but just  
the laughter of little children, and the friendship  
of friends, and the cosey talk by the fire, and the  
sight of flowers, and the sound of music.

— *Anon.*

THERE is in friendship something of all re-  
lations and something above them all. It  
is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the  
world.

— *Evelyn.*

THE language of friendship is not words, but  
meanings. It is an intelligence above lan-  
guage.

— *Henry Thoreau.*

TRUE friends have no solitary joy or trouble.

— *William Ellery Channing.*

PURE and true affection, well I know,  
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

When we love perfectly, for its own sake  
We love, and not our own ; being ready thus,  
Whatever sacrifice is asked, to make ;  
That which is best for it is best for us.

— *Southey.*

WE live most life, whoever breathes most air  
And counts his dying years by sun and  
sea. . . .

But when a soul, by choice and conscience, doth  
Throw out her full force on another soul,  
The conscience and the concentration both  
Make mere life, Love. For Life in perfect, whole  
And air consummated, is Love in sooth,  
As nature's magnet-heat rounds pole with pole.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

LOVE is a greater power than vested might.  
Love is the central source of all enduring force.  
Love is the law that sets the whole world right.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

TAKING the hand of his friend, who still was  
reluctant and doubtful,  
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly,  
he added :

“ Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is  
the feeling that prompts me :

Surely you cannot refuse when I ask in the name  
of our friendship ! ”

Then made answer John Alden : “ The name of  
friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the  
power to deny you ! ”

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and mould-  
ing the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on  
his errand. — *Henry W. Longfellow.*

A FRIEND shares my sorrow and makes it  
but a moiety ; but he swells my joy and  
makes it double. — *Jeremy Taylor.*

WHATEVER may lie beyond us,  
The lesson this earth has to give  
Is, learn how to love divinely,  
And then you have learned to live.

— *Anon.*

“**L**OVE of every kind is God’s love.” In knowing that it is such, human love becomes most sacred and solemn. It is God’s heart that throbs in ours when it leaps up within us at a sound of a beloved name, at the pressure of a hand, a glance, a voice, a presence which is like music felt along all the chords of our being. . . . In His own glorious way, through His own holy inspiration, we know what it is to love one another. Like His, our love, when it is true, is no self-seeking, but a perpetual giving. And the desire to bear a blessing to any soul must sooner or later bring us near that soul.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

**I** CAN . . . wish for you the things I hold good things,—a deep, intense love for one higher and stronger than yourself, or that peace and joy which come, one sees, to some elect natures who have got rid of the achings and yearnings of self, and live in the life of others.

— *George S. Merriman.*

**T**HE happiness of love is in action; its test is what one is willing to do for others.

— *Lew Wallace.*

FROM thee, dear heart, I learned life's truest  
song ;

Thy voice it was that gave it early birth,  
And taught me first of life's own mystery.

Though heartless time my punishment prolong,  
Though banished to the farthest spot of earth,  
Yet sings my soul forever, love, of thee.

— *William R. A. Wilson.*

IN every pure, true, worthy friend whom God  
gives to us, He sends to us a little measure of  
His own love and grace. One writes, in recognition  
of a new blessing God has sent : —

“ God never loved me in so sweet a way before ;

’Tis he alone who can such blessings send ;

And when his love would new expression find,

He brought thee to me, and said, ‘ Behold a  
friend ! ’ ”

TRUE love is that which the pure heart hath  
known,

Which alters not with time or death's decay,

Yielding on earth earnest of Paradise.

— *Michael Angelo.*



THERE are friends who are to us like a great rock in a weary land. We flee to them in the heat of parching days and rest in their shadow. A friend in whom we can confide without fear of disappointment ; who, we are sure, will never fail us, will never stint his love in serving us, who always has healing tenderness for the hurt of our heart, comfort for our sorrows, and cheer for our discouragement — such a friend is not only a rock of shelter for us in time of danger but is also as rivers of water in a thirsty land, when our hearts cry out for life and love. — *J. R. Miller, D.D.*

“ I’M sorry that I spelt the word,  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,” — the brown eyes lower fell —  
“ Because, you see, I love you ! ”

— *John G. Whittier.*

LOVE is not getting, but giving ; not a wild dream of pleasure, and a madness of desire — oh, no, love is not that, — it is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living — yes, love is that ; and it is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

LOVE comforteth, like sunshine after rain.

— *Shakespeare.*

I WILL tell them, dear,  
That Love reigns — a King,  
Where storms cannot reach him,  
And words cannot sting ;  
He counts it dishonor  
His faith to recall ;  
He trusts ; — and for ever  
He gives — and gives all !

— *Adelaide A. Procter.*

FRIENDSHIP, a star  
Which moves not mid the morning heavens  
alone,  
A smile among dark frowns, — a gentle tone  
Among rude voices, a beloved light,  
A solitude, a refuge, a delight.

— *Shelley.*

FRIENDSHIP is love, without either flowers  
or veil.

— *J. C. and A. W. Hare.*

WHEN we climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds  
Of love to men.

— *Alice Cary.*

IF I have any joys when thou art absent,  
I grudge it to myself: methinks I rob  
Thee of thy part.  
— *Dryden.*

IT is not because your heart is mine — mine  
only —

Mine alone;

It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely,

For your own;

Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies

Spread above you

Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes —

That I love you!

\* \* \* \* \*

But because this human Love, though true and  
sweet —

Yours and mine —

Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,

More divine;

That it leads our hearts to rest in Heaven,

Far above you;

Do I take you as a gift that God has given —

And I love you!

— *Adelaide A. Procter.*

ALL the joy which does not fade is that which grows from self-sacrifice.

— *A. H. Bradford.*

“**L**OVE:” Love is the everlasting worker of miracles. When all seems hopeless, and the soul is descending upon the road that has no turning, let it be awakened by love, and immediately all the forces of the spiritual world converge upon it to lift it toward God. Love is the saviour, love is the perpetual wonder of life.

— *Edward Howard Griggs.*

**I**T is good to have a friend, but it is better to be a friend. The gain of being unselfishly loved and sympathized with and cheered and helped, is not to be compared with the gain of unselfishly loving and sympathizing with and helping and cheering another. No glad incoming to one's heart from without can uplift and enlarge it like the expansive force of generous and self-forgetting love, out-working from within.

— *Anon.*

**I** COUNT myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

— *Shakespeare.*

WITH my love this knowledge too was given,  
Which each calm day doth strengthen more  
and more,  
That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

LEARN that to love is the one way to know  
Or God or Man; it is not love received  
That maketh man to know the inner life  
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed  
Shall do it.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

IF any little love of mine  
May make a life the sweeter,  
If any little care of mine  
May make a friend's the fleeter,  
If any lift of mine may ease  
The burden of another,  
God give me love and care and strength  
To help my toiling brother. — *Anon.*

THEY who prove the strength of love  
Grow younger and more young  
For forty years! — *Edward Everett Hale.*

AND thus from day to day we live,  
From others take, to others give,  
So live that they who meet with thee  
May better, truer, nobler be.

— *E. B. Montreux.*

TRULY it has been said, a loving heart is the  
beginning of all knowledge. — *Carlyle.*

WE are never too old to make noo frien's.  
Frien'ship don't depend on age, but on the  
kind of a feller you are. A man should keep a  
boy's heart, an' he'll make frien's like a boy, I  
don't care how long his whiskers are, ner how  
gray.

— *Judson Kempton.*

AND when is love at its richest?  
When most it has given away.  
And what is the tongue love useth?  
The love that it cannot say.

— *H. I. D. Ryder.*

LOVE, . . . must needs be true,  
To what is loveliest upon earth.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

THEY were happy, blessed as two people must be who love with all their hearts and trust each other from the inmost depths of their souls. That their life was all smooth I do not aver; but it was like what learned men tell us of the great ocean. The storms only troubled its surface, and came from extraneous agencies, such as no life is free from. In its deepest depths was a perpetual calm.

— *Dinah Mulock Craik.*

LOVE is come with a song and a smile.  
Welcome Love with a smile and a song;  
Love can stay but a little while.  
Why cannot he stay? They call him away:  
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;  
Love will stay for a whole life long.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

IF love is not worth loving, then life is not worth living,  
Nor aught is worth remembering, but well forgot;  
For store is not worth storing and gifts are not worth giving,  
If love is not.

— *Christina Rossetti.*

UNLESS you can think, when the song is done,  
No other is soft in the rhythm;  
Unless you can feel, when left by One  
That all men else go with him;  
Unless you can know when upraised by his breath  
That your beauty itself wants proving;  
Unless you can swear — “For life, for death!”  
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,  
On the absent face that fixed you;  
Unless you can love as the angels may,  
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;  
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,  
Through behooving and unbehooing;  
Unless you can die when the dream is past, —  
Oh, fear to call it loving.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SO much we miss  
If love is weak, so much we gain  
If love is strong, God thinks no pain  
Too sharp or lasting to ordain  
To teach us this.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*



KIND messages, that pass from land to land ;  
Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand, —  
One touch of fire, — and all the rest is Mystery.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

YES, Love indeed is light from Heaven,  
A spark of that immortal fire.  
With angels shared, by Allah given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion wafts the soul above,  
But Heaven itself descends in Love.  
A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
To wean from self each sordid thought !  
A ray of Him who formed the whole ;  
A glory circling round the soul !

— *Lord Byron.*

IF we love God, we know what loving is,  
For love is God's, He sent it to the earth,  
Half human, half divine, all glorious, —  
Half human, half divine, but wholly His ;  
Not loving God, we know not love's true worth,  
We taste not the great gift He gave to us.

— *Maurice Francis Egan.*

NEVER was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THOSE who would make friends must cultivate the qualities which are admired and which attract. . . . You must cultivate generosity and large-heartedness; you must be magnanimous and tolerant; . . . you must look upward and be hopeful, cheery and optimistic. No one will be attracted by a gloomy pessimist. . . . If you have friends, don't be afraid to express your friendship; don't be afraid to tell them you admire or love them. . . . A lady was asked how she managed to get along so well with disagreeable people. "It is very simple," she replied; "all I do is to try to make the most of their good qualities and pay no attention to their disagreeable ones." No better formula by which to win and hold friends could be found.

—*Success.*

"LOVE is delicate; Love is hurt with jar or fret," and you might as well expect a violin to remain in tune if roughly used, as Love to survive if chilled or driven into itself. —*Anon.*

A FRIEND,—it is another name for God,  
Whose love inspires all love, is all in all;  
Profane it not, lest lowest shame befall.

*Lucy Larcom.*

BELOVED, let us love so well  
Our work shall still be better for our love.  
And still our love be sweeter for our work!  
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

I CANNOT find a truer word  
Nor fonder to caress you;  
Nor song of poem I have heard  
Is sweeter than “God bless you!”

God bless you! so I breathe a charm  
Lest Grief’s dark night oppress you.  
Then how can Sorrow bring you harm  
If ’tis God’s way to bless you.

And so, not “All thy days be fair,  
And shadows touch thee never,”  
But this alone — God bless you, dear!  
So thou art safe forever.

— *Julia A. Baker.*

THOSE that we love most are always the ones  
that we have known best.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

THIS perhaps was love —

To have its hands too full of gifts to give —  
For putting out a hand to take a gift.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

FRIENDSHIP consists in being a friend, not  
in having a friend.

— *Trumbull.*

GIVE it! Give it! whether the object of your  
friendship becomes a friend or not. It is a  
most hindering error to suppose that two are re-  
quired for friendship. The most enriching friend-  
ships of all time have been lonely ones. Be *you*  
a friend.

— *Amos R. Wells.*

“— LOVE

That life and death are fashioned of,  
From the first breath that burns.”

Friendship is love without his wings.

— *Byron.*

FRIENDSHIP — our friendship — is like the  
beautiful shadows of evening,  
Spreading and growing till life and its light pass  
away. — *Michael Vitkovics.*

FRIENDSHIP is the greatest luxury of life.  
— *Edward Everett Hale.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, must be largely taken  
“for better, for worse.” It is idle to “throw  
over” a friend who in many ways gives you  
pleasant and agreeable companionship, because,  
indeed, you discover faults not at first perceived.  
If one waits to find perfection in his friend, he will  
probably wait long and die unfriended at last.

— *Lilian Whiting.*

“A FRIEND loveth at all times” (Prov. 17: 17).  
That is a test of a true friend, — that he  
loves at all times. When a man is prosperous  
and popular, seeming friends are numerous. It is  
not easy for him, it may not be easy for some of  
them, to tell how sincere the friendship is. But  
in the time of darkness the stars of friendship  
shine brightest.

— *Endeavor World.*

EACH day, beloved, I think I love thee more  
Than any day that we have ever known,  
But less than that which is to come.  
What will it matter then, in after years,  
The furrowed cheek, or ever-whitening hair,  
If always Love grows stronger, more serene !  
Think in our hearts what precious memories live,  
Not one of mine which is not also thine,  
Binding the old bonds closer every day,  
Weaving new links in Life's bright golden chain !  
We shall grow old and weak, with feeble steps,  
But closer every day, our clasping hands,  
Since every day, beloved, I love thee more  
Than any day that we have ever known,  
Yet less than that which is to come. — *Anon.*

BE mine some simple service here below, —  
To weep with those who weep, their joys to  
share,  
Their pain to solace, or their burdens bear.  
— *Edward Everett Hale.*

THERE'S nae power in Heaven or airth like  
love. It makes the weak strong and the  
dumb tae speak. — *Ian Maclaren.*

ONE measure of a man's greatness is his capacity for love. Let us not be afraid of loving too much. That is what God made hearts for, and unless they are exercising this capacity, we may be sure there is something vitally wrong with them. For I believe hearts, like bodies, can only be kept in perfect condition by exercise. Neither let us be afraid of expressing our love. Too often it is like the talent wrapped within a napkin. We are so chary of giving it expression, that it is hidden away, oftentimes entirely unguessed by its object. Alas ! that so much of kindly sympathy and loving appreciation are withheld, until, too late, they fall upon ears that hear not and hearts forever stilled!

— *Leila L. Topping.*

THERE is as yet no culture, no method of progress known to men, that is so rich and complete as that which is ministered by a truly great friendship.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

TWICE blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
What souls possess themselves so pure ?  
Or is their blessedness like theirs ?

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,  
Daytime and night-time, I'm thinking about  
thee;

Night-time and daytime, in dreams I behold thee;  
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.  
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,  
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;  
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,  
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

\* \* \* \* \*

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;  
Dear, are you sad now you hear I am saddened?  
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,  
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love:  
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,  
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;  
I would not die without you at my side, love,  
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

— *Joseph Brennan.*

LIVE not without a friend: the Alpine rock  
must own

Its mossy grace or else be nothing but a stone.

— *W. W. Story.*



LIFE is not a holiday, but an education. And the one eternal lesson for us all is *how better can we love*. What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What makes a good man? Practice; nothing else. There is nothing capricious about religion. We do not get the soul in different ways, under different laws, from those in which we get the body and the mind. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle of soul, no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character—the Christlike nature in its fullest development. And the constituents of this great character are only to be built up by ceaseless practice.

— *Henry Drummond*.

THE world goes by.

We still have each other, my friend and I,  
We yet have each other, on sea or shore,  
Can mortal desire a joy the more?

— *Margaret Sangster*.

“WHAT means the voice of life?” she answered, “Love!”

For love is life, and they who do not love  
Are not alive. But every soul that loves  
Lives in the heart of God and hears Him speak.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

BECAUSE I love you, dear, —  
Because my heart sings all day long,  
A song of love, a new sweet song,  
I find I love the whole world more.

Because I love you, dear, —  
I love the little ones I pass,  
And see, in each dear lad and lass  
The flower of love like ours, dear heart.

Because I love you, dear, —  
I'm tenderer than I have ever been,  
The thought of you comes in between  
Me and an impulse less than true.

Because I love you, dear, —  
Ah! what in all the world is there  
I cannot suffer, cannot dare?  
Because you're all the world to me.

— *Anon.*

I KNOW now that it is by loving, and not by being loved, that one can come nearest the soul of another ; yea, that where two love, it is the love of each other, and not being beloved by each other, that originates and perfects and assures their blessedness. I know that love gives to him that loveth power over any soul beloved, even if that soul know him not, bringing him inwardly close to that spirit ; a power that cannot but be for good ; for in proportion as selfishness intrudes the love ceases, and the power that springs therefrom dies.

— *George Macdonald.*

IN peace love tunes the shepherd's reed ;  
In war he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

LOVE can sun the Realms of Night.

— *Schiller.*

OH, let us not wait to be just, or pitiful, or demonstrative toward those we love until they are struck down by illness or threatened with death. Life is short, and we never have too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love, make haste to be kind.

— *Aniel's Journal*.

LOVE is the only good in the world.  
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,  
Or brain devise, or hand approve.

— *Robert Browning*.

The  
Companionship  
of  
Friendship

And who will walk a mile with me  
Along life's weary way? . . .  
A friend who knows and dares to say  
The brave sweet words that cheer the way  
Where he walks a mile with me.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

For me no blessing in the power of fate  
Can be compared, in sanity of mind,  
To friends of rich companionable kind.

— *Horace.*



YOU and I, darling, just you and I !  
Never weary of each other, under  
any sky ;  
You and I, beloved, only, and we're  
never dull or lonely,  
As we talk, or are we silent, and the day goes  
drifting by. — *Margaret Sangster.*

O FRIEND, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
Through thee the rose is red,  
All things through thee take nobler form  
And look beyond the earth, —  
The mill-round of our fate appears,  
A sun-path in thy worth.  
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair ;  
The fountains of my hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THIS is my dream, to have you on a day  
Of beating rain and sullen clouds of gloom  
Here with me, in the old, familiar room,  
Watching the logs beneath the flames' swift play  
Burst into strange conceits of bud and bloom.

The things we know about us here and there,  
The books we love, half read, on floor and knee,  
The stein the Dutchman brought from oversea  
Standing invitingly beside your chair,  
The while we quote and talk and — disagree ;

Rebuild the castles that we reared in Spain,  
Reread the poet that our childhood knew,  
With eyes that meet when some quaint thought  
rings true.

Oh, friend, for some such day of cheer and rain,  
Books, and the dear companionship of you !

— *Theodosia Garrison.*

TWO are better than one ; because they have a  
good reward for their labor. For if they fall,  
the one will lift up his fellow : but woe to him  
that is alone when he falleth ; for he hath not  
another to help him up. — *Ecclesiastes.*



GROW old along with me !

The best is yet to be,

The last of life for which the first was made ;

Our times are in His hand

Who saith " A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God : see all, nor  
be afraid ! "

— *Robert Browning.*

BUT, after all, the very best thing in good talk,<sup>✓</sup>  
and the thing that helps it most, is *friendship*.

Now it dissolves the barriers that divide us, and loosens all constraint, and diffuses itself like some fine old cordial through all the veins of life — this feeling that we understand and trust each other, and wish each other heartily well ! Everything into which it really comes is good. It transforms letter writing from a task into a pleasure. It makes music a thousand times more sweet. The people who play and sing not *at* us, but *to* us, — how delightful it is to listen to them ! Yes, there is a talkability that can express itself even without words. There is an exchange of thought and feeling which is happy alike in speech and in silence. It is quietness pervaded with friendship.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

TWO good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right hand  
Of his heart in joy and sorrow.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

GOOD companionship has only blessings and  
benediction for a life. There have been mere  
chance meetings, just for a moment, which have  
left blessings whose influence shall never perish.

“There was a smile  
Which out of her eyes’ blue heaven fell  
As the sunbeams dart.  
The beautiful smile fell into my heart,  
And, falling, was folded in love’s sweet shell,  
And the beautiful smile became a song  
In my heart.”

Words, thoughts, songs, kindly deeds, the power  
of example, the inspiration of noble things, drop  
out of the heaven of pure friendship into the depths  
of the heart, and, falling, are folded there and be-  
come beautiful gems and holy adornments in the  
life.

— *J. R. Miller.*

THE friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

— *Shakespeare.*

HOW few take time for friendship! How few  
plan for it! It is treated as a haphazard,  
fortuitous thing. May good luck send us friends;  
we will not go after them. May favoring fortune  
bind our friendships; we will take no stitches our-  
selves. Review yesterday, and all your yesterdays.  
Did they open with any thought for friendship,—  
its pursuit, its retention, its glorification? Yet  
friendship requires painstaking. No art is so diffi-  
cult, no craft so arduous. Roll a ball of clay  
and expect it to become a rose in your hand, but  
never expect an acquaintanceship, without care  
and thought, to blossom into friendship.

— *Amos R. Wells.*

OLD books, old wine, old nankeen blue,  
All things, in short, to which belong  
The charm, the grace that Time makes  
strong—

All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)

Old friends are best. — *Austin Dobson.*

LOVE is flowerlike ;  
Friendship is like a sheltering tree.  
— *S. T. Coleridge.*

COMPANIONSHIP is founded upon trust. In John's life how charmingly it is illustrated ! Jesus and John, presumably cousins after the natural man, were congenial spirits. Each had well-nigh perfect confidence in the other. No example of close friendship between two men can equal this one. They were companions most companionable. Who can tell how much comfort and enjoyment Jesus derived from John's noble, rich life ?  
— *Zion's Herald.*

OF all felicities, the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels our sorrows, and counsels us in all extremities. Nay, if there were no other comfort in it than the bare exercise of so generous a virtue, even for that single reason a man would not be without it.  
— *Seneca.*

THE only rose without a thorn is friendship.  
— *Mlle. de Scudéry.*

NOT only does friendship introduce daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts; it maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests: in consultation with a friend a man tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation.

— *Bacon.*

WE must, moreover, be as careful to keep friends as to make them. If every one knew what one said of the other, Pascal assures us that "there would not be four friends in the world." This I hope and think is too strong, but at any rate try to be one of the four, and when you have made a friend, keep him. "Hast thou a friend," says an Eastern proverb, "visit him often, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads." The affection should not be mere "tents of a night."

— *Sir John Lubbock.*

OH, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

✓  
THERE is, after all, something in these trifles  
that friends bestow upon each other which is  
an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds  
in the affections. I would believe that one who  
preserved a lock of my hair, a simple flower, or  
any trifle of my bestowing loved me, though no  
show was made of it: while all the protestations  
in the world would not win my confidence in one  
who set no value on such little things.

Trifles they may be; but it is by such that  
character and disposition are oftenest revealed.

— *Washington Irving.*

FRIENDSHIP is steady and peaceful; not  
much jealousy and no heart-burnings. ✓

It strengthens with time, and survives the small-  
pox and a wooden leg.

It doubles our joys, divides our griefs, and  
warms our lives with a steady flame.

— *Charles Reade.*

WELL-CHOSEN friendship, the most noble  
Of virtues, all our joys makes double  
And into halves divides our trouble.

— *Denham.*

“A FRIEND — the first person who comes in when all the world has gone out.”

I AM no friend to purely psychological attachments. In some unknown future they may be satisfying, but in the present I want your words and your voice, with your thoughts, your looks, and your gestures to interpret your feelings. The warm, strong grasp of Greatheart's hand is as dear to me as the steadfast fashion of his friendships.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

BE slow in choosing a friend, slower in changing.

— *Benjamin Franklin.*

WHEN are we old ? and how and where,  
When gray hairs steal in unaware ?  
May it be known by signs of care,  
Or children's children here and there ?

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis by the heart the secret's told,  
'Tis by the smile we're young or old,  
'Tis as the life its joy shall hold,  
It is the laugh reveals the soul.

— *J. W. Sanderson.*

THE face of a friend ! How it shines in the  
darkness

That often assails us ! How preciously near  
It seems, when the trial of long, long denial  
Has made the sweet blessing unspeakably dear !

The heart is consoled, and is lonely no longer,  
Its terrors and tremors are all at an end,  
And the way that was dreary becomes bright and  
cheery,  
Illumined at once by the face of a friend.

— *Anon.*

A FRIEND is a person with whom I may be  
sincere. Before him, I may think aloud.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

“FOR age is the chilling of heart ;  
And thine, as mine can tell,  
Is as young and warm as when first we heard  
The sound of our bridal bell !”

I turned and kissed her ripe red lips :

“Let time do its worst on me,  
If in my soul, my Love, my Faith,  
I never seem old to thee !” — *Arlo Bates.*



THE whole secret of remaining young in spite of years, and even of gray hairs, is to cherish enthusiasm in one's self, by poetry, by contemplation, by charity—that is, in fewer words, by the maintenance of harmony in the soul.

— *Amiel's Journal.*

IN the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is our want? It is friendship. When the heart overflows with gratitude, or with any other sweet and sacred sentiment, what is the word to which it would give utterance? A friend. — *Walter S. Landor.*

O NEVER mind the months and days;  
The things that people wear  
Are all outside; there's something else  
That's ever young and fair.  
'Tis love that makes the joy of life,  
Love — the best gift of Heaven. — *Anon.*

FRIENDSHIP is a unison of spirits, a marriage of hearts, and the bond thereof virtue.

— *William Penn.*

“**G**OD gives thee youth but once. Keep thou  
The childlike heart that will His kingdom  
be ;

The soul pure-eyed that, wisdom led, even now  
His blessed face shall see.”

To me ye never will grow old,  
But live forever young in my remembrance —  
Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !  
Your gentle voice will flow on forever,  
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,  
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

**I**N friends  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must needs be a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

— *Shakespeare.*

**A** MAN, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.

— *Carlyle.*

AH! don't be sorrowful, darling,  
And don't be sorrowful, pray;  
Taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more night than day.  
'Tis rainy weather, my darling,  
Time's waves, they heavily run;  
But taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks now, companion,  
Our heads they are growing gray;  
But taking the year all round, my dear,  
You will always find the May.  
We've had our May, my darling,  
And our roses, long ago;  
And the time of the year is come, my dear,  
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,  
Of night as well as of day,  
And we feel and know that we can go  
Wherever He leads the way. — *Anon.*

I AM not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he most needs me.  
— *Shakespeare.*

TO me, my friend, you never can grow old.  
— *Shakespeare.*

YES, we must ever be friends; and of all who  
offer you friendship,  
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest,  
and dearest. — *Henry W. Longfellow.*

TRUE happiness  
Consists not in the multitude of friends,  
But in the worth and choice.  
— *Ben Jonson.*

YOU must, therefore, love me myself, and not  
my circumstances, if we are to be real friends.  
— *Cicero.*

FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend.  
— *Proverb.*

FRIENDSHIP'S the wine of life.  
— *Young.*

I AM of the opinion that, except among the  
virtuous, friendship cannot exist. — *Cicero.*

OLD friends are best. King James used to call  
for his old shoes; they were easiest for his  
feet.  
— *Selden.*

FRIEND of my bosom, thou more than a  
brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
— *Charles Lamb.*

HIS life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, "This was a man."  
— *Shakespeare.*

A FRIEND  
Welded into our life is more to us  
Than twice five thousand kinsmen, one in blood.  
— *Euripides.*

BEYOND all wealth, honor, or even health,  
is the attachment we form to noble souls; be-  
cause to become one with the good, generous, and  
true is to become in a measure good, generous, and  
true ourselves.  
— *Dr. Thomas Arnold.*

FRIENDSHIP is worth taking trouble about.

It is one of the things about which we should remember the apostle's command, "Hold fast that which is good." Thoreau said: "The only danger in friendship is that it will end." Correspondence and conversation and social courtesies are the ways in which we throw guards around our friendships lest they end. A man who loses a friend for want of a letter now and then is like the man who loses his money for lack of a pocket-book. He is losing a very precious thing for lack of a very little expense and trouble. How carefully Jesus selected the close circle of His friends, and how watchfully He guarded their mutual friendship after He had selected them. The friend who sticketh closer than a brother is always one who has taken some trouble in the matter of his friendships. Let us be careful that we do not go through life with holes in our pockets through which our friendships slip.

— *Sunday School Times.*

A FAITHFUL friend is better than gold, —  
A medicine for misery : an only possession.

— *Burton.*

THE years have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons — none wiser than this : to spend in all things else, but of old friends to be most miserly.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

FRIENDSHIP is the most valuable of all human possessions.

— *Lælius.*

ALL who joy would win  
Must share it, — Happiness was born a twin.

— *Byron.*

HOW few take time for friendship ! We have long hours for gold and silver and banknotes, or for what we boastfully call our work in the world ; but we have grudged minutes for the gold of eternity, which is character, and the work of eternity, which is fashioning it. Review yesterday. Did it hold, gathering all the minutes, half an hour for friendship ?

— *Amos R. Wells.*

ARISE, and get thee forth and seek  
A friendship for the years to come.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

NOT chance of birth or place has made us  
friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,  
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.  
Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

BLESSED is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but, above all, the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.

— *Thomas Hughes.*

AS you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a friend.

— *George Macdonald.*

TWO lovely berries moulded on one stem :  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

— *Shakespeare.*



O FRIEND! O best of friends! Thy absence  
more  
Than the impending night darkens the landscape  
o'er.  
— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

FRIENDS are like melons. Shall I tell you  
why?  
To find one good you must a hundred try.  
— *Claude Mermet.*

THERE is no treasure the which may be com-  
pared unto a faithful friend,  
Gold soon decayeth, and worldly wealth consumeth  
and wasteth in the wind.  
But love, once planted in a perfect and pure mind,  
endureth weal or woe,  
The frowns of fortune, come they never so unkind,  
cannot the same overthrow.  
— *The Roxburgh Ballads.*

WHAT is this life that thou shouldst be forgot,  
For all that it hath yet to give me? Nay!  
In this world or the next I count to be  
Remembering and remembered. — *Montgomery.*

WE use the word friend very lightly. We talk of our "host of friends," meaning all with whom we have friendly relations, or even pleasant acquaintance. We say a person is our friend when we know him only in business or socially, when his heart and ours have never touched in any real communion. . . . To become another's friend in the true sense is to take the other into such close, living fellowship, that his life and ours are knit together as one. It is far more than a pleasant companionship in bright, sunny hours. A true friendship is entirely unselfish. It loves not for what it may receive, but what it may give. Its aim is "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." . . . It is a sacred thing, therefore, to take a new friend into our life, we accept a solemn responsibility when we do so. We should choose our friends thoughtfully, wisely, prayerfully; but when we have pledged our lives we should be faithful whatever the cost may be.

— J. R. Miller.

ALL like the purchase; few the price will pay;  
And this makes friends such miracles below.

— Young.

HONEST men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is, as it were, another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partakes of our joy and comforts us in our affliction ; add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us.

— *Pilpay.*

THERE are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.

— *Chinese Moral Maxims.*

IF any touch my friend, or his good name,  
It is my honor and my love to free  
His blasted fame

From the least thought or spot of blame.

— *George Herbert.*

TO act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit any other capacity in social life. — *Mrs. Ellis.*

ON our choice of friends  
Our good or evil name depends.

— *Gay.*

WE shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,  
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

THUS hand in hand in life we'll go,  
Its checkered paths of joy or woe,  
With cautious steps we'll tread.

— *Nathaniel Cotton.*

THOU wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.  
— *Pope.*

WHEN Socrates was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity, he replied, "that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated if he could see the narrow habitation filled with real friends."

— *Samuel Johnson.*

I'VE often wished that I had clear,  
For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end. — *Swift.*

'TIS said that absence conquers love :

But, oh, believe it not.

I've tried, alas, its power to prove,

But thou art not forgot.

— *Frederick W. Thomas.*

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind ?

— *Burns.*

FRIENDSHIP is the greatest bond in the  
world.

— *Jeremy Taylor.*

SWEET is the memory of distant friends ; like  
the mellow rays of the departing sun, it falls  
tenderly yet sadly on the heart.

— *Washington Irving.*

A TRUE friend is forever a friend.

— *George Macdonald.*

JUDGE before friendship, then confide until  
death.

— *Young.*

THE only way to have a friend is to be one.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

WE may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with  
sculptures,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associations.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

I HAVE sped o'er many miles of land and sea,  
and mingled with much people,  
But never yet have found a spot unsunned by  
human kindness,  
Some more and some less, but all can claim a  
little.  
And a man may travel through the world and sow  
it thick with friendship. — *Tupper.*

THE ornaments of a home are the friends who  
frequent it. — *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THEY who love best need friendship most ;  
Hearts only thrive on varied good ;  
And he who gathers from a host  
Of friendly hearts his daily food  
Is the best friend that we can boast.

— *J. G. Holland.*

AS to the value of other things most men differ ; concerning friendship all have the same opinion. What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money — horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases — and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life? And yet every man can tell how many goats or sheep he possesses, but not how many friends. In the choice, moreover, of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care: we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance, — by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil, — almost to chance. — *Cicero.*

HE who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but herself.

— *Talleyrand.*

IT is true that friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never. — *Caleb Colton.*

THE man who hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumping on your back  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend, that one has need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it. — *Cowper.*

MUCH, certainly, of happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. If badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well, they will raise us up. Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter.

— *Sir John Lubbock.*

KEEP your undrest, familiar style  
For strangers, but respect your friend.

— *Coventry Patmore.*

GO often to the house of thy friend; for weeds soon choke up the unused path.

— *Scandinavian Proverb.*



REPROVE your friends in secret, praise them  
openly. — *Publius Syrus.*

FRIENDSHIP is power and riches all to me ;  
Friendship's another element of life ;  
Water and fire not of more general use,  
To the support and comfort of the world,  
Than friendship to the being of my joy.  
— *Southern.*

MY friend is one whom I can associate with my  
choicest thought. — *Henry Thoreau.*

FRIENDSHIP'S an abstract of all noble flame,  
'Tis love refined and purged from all its  
dross.—

The next to angel's love, if not the same,  
As strong as passion is, though not so gross.  
— *Katharine Philips.*

FRIENDSHIP above all ties doth bind the heart ;  
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.  
— *Lord Orrery.*

FRIENDSHIP ought not to be unripped, but to  
be unstitched. — *Cato.*

YOU'RE my friend —

What a thing friendship is world without end.

— *Robert Browning.*

IN choosing one's friends we must choose those whose qualities are inborn, and their virtues, virtues of temperament. To lay the foundations of friendship on borrowed or added virtues is to build on an artificial soil; we run too many risks by it.

— *Amiel's Journal.*

OH, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort, of feeling *safe* with a person — having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all right out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.

— *Dinah Muloch Craik.*

HE who is destitute of friends is doomed to solitude; and however surrounded by flatterers and admirers, however armed with power, and rich in the endowments of nature and of fortune, has no resting-place.

— *Robert Hall.*

LET us hope that sometime we may stop and make deliberate choice of a sweeter, quieter, friendlier life, and, by cutting down our social tasks and intellectual recreations, make time for rest and domesticity, and for remembrance of others whose houses and lives adjoin our own. — *Anon.*

THE friend one likes and cares for in the sense of companionship, who can never come too often, nor stay too long, with whom presence is always a joy and solitude a sympathy — such friends as these are ours purely by right of temperamental accord. One's friendships in the sense of one's personal enjoyments are matters of sympathy, of tastes, of mutual experiences, of culture, of habits, and general scope of life — a whole world indeed, into which only the initiate can enter and whose atmosphere can neither be translated nor communicated to those who are not in it and of it. — *Lilian Whiting.*

FEW men are calculated for that close connection which we distinguish by the name of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance. — *Sterne.*

FRIENDSHIP is the cordial of life, the lenitive  
of our sorrows, the multiplier of our joys.

— *Robert Hall.*

I AM a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man  
whose friends are dead; for I never aimed at  
any other fortune than in friends.

— *Pope.*

O MATCHLESS wisdom! those seem to take  
the sun out of the world who remove friend-  
ship from the pleasures of life.

— *Cicero.*

SOMETHING like home that is not home, is  
to be desired; it is found in the house of a  
friend.

— *Sir William Temple.*

ONE friend in that path shall be,  
To secure my step from wrong;  
One to count night, day for me,  
Patient through the watches long,  
Serving most with none to see.

— *Robert Browning.*

FEW people give themselves time to be friends.

— *Southey.*

FRIENDSHIP only truly exists where men harmonize in their views of things human and divine, accompanied by the greatest love and esteem.

— *Cicero*.

TO have the same predilections, and the same aversions, that, and that alone, is the surest bond of friendship.

— *Sallust*.

AS the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.

— *Ovid*.

MY friend and I have shared  
The cloud and sunshine here ; eternity  
Will never blight the flower that time hath spared.

— *Pollock*.

FRIENDS are much better tried in bad fortune than in good.

— *Aristotle*.

FRIENDSHIP, when once determined, never swerves,

Weights ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves.

— *Hannah More*.

WE are in Love's hand to-day,  
Where shall we go ?  
Love, shall we start, or stay,  
Or sail, or row ?  
We are in Love's hand to-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our way lies where God knows,  
And love knows where.  
We are in Love's hand to-day.

— *Algernon Swinburne.*

HAND  
Grasps hand, eye lights eye in good friendship,  
And great hearts expand,  
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.

— *Robert Browning.*

WHERE true love bestows its sweetness,  
Where true friendship lays its hand,  
Dwells all greatness, all completeness,  
All the wealth of every land.

— *J. G. Holland.*

THE proper business of friendship is to inspire  
life and courage ; and the soul thus supported  
outdoes itself.

— *Budgell.*

O LOVE! young love! bound in thy rosy bond,  
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of  
ill!  
— *Byron.*

A LAS, I can but bless thee! . . .  
God be with thee, my belovèd,— God be  
with thee!  
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

INTREAT me not to leave thee  
Or to return from following after thee:  
For whither thou goest, I will go;  
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge:  
Thy people shall be my people,  
And thy God my God. — *Book of Ruth.*

FRIENDSHIP has a power  
To soothe affliction in the darkest hour.  
— *H. Kirke White.*

THE lightsome countenance of a friend giveth  
such an inward decking to the house where it  
lodgeth, as proudest palaces have cause to envy  
the gilding.  
— *Sir Philip Sidney.*





The Sympathy  
of  
Friendship

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie  
Which heart to heart and mind to mind  
In body and in soul can bind.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

Let some one we love come near us, and  
At once it seems that something new or  
    strange  
Has passed upon the flowers, the trees, the  
    ground ;  
Some slight but unintelligible change  
    On everything around.

— *R. C. Trench.*



**B**Y sympathy I do not mean merely a fellowship in sorrow, but also, and no less truly, a fellowship in joy. To be glad when your brother men are prosperous and happy, to rejoice in their success, to cheer for their victories; to be compassionate and pitiful when your brother men are distressed and miserable, to grieve over their failures, to help them in their troubles,—this is the fraternal spirit which blesses him who exercises it, and those toward whom it is exercised.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

I ASK thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching, wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

— *Anna L. Waring.*

BE a gift and a benediction.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

LOVING words will cost but little,  
Journeying up the hill of life;  
But they make the weak and weary  
Stronger, braver, for the strife.  
Do you count them only trifles?  
What to earth are sun and rain?  
Never was a kind word wasted;  
Never was one said in vain. — *Anon.*

ASK God to give thee skill  
In comfort's art,  
That thou mayst consecrated be,  
And set apart  
Unto a life of sympathy.  
For heavy is the weight of ill  
In every heart;  
And comforters are needed much  
Of Christlike touch.

— *Anna E. Hamilton.*

SYMPATHY is the golden key that unlocks  
the heart of others. — *Samuel Smiles.*

NO soul can ever truly see  
Another's highest, noblest part,  
Save through the sweet philosophy  
And loving wisdom of the heart.

— *Phæbe Cary.*

THEY might not need me — yet they might ;  
I'll let my heart be just in sight.  
A smile so small as mine, might be  
Precisely their necessity.

— *Emily Dickinson.*

A TRUE friend is distinguished in the crisis of  
necessity ; when the gallantry of his aid may  
show the worth of his soul and the loyalty of his  
heart.

— *Ennius.*

WHEN true friends meet in adverse hour,  
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower,  
A watery way an instant seen,  
The darkly closing clouds between.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

TO friendship every burden's light.

— *Gay.*

IT is only the great-hearted who can be true friends; the mean, the cowardly can never know what true friendship means.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

WE can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds that they are all different; no one has a double in friendship.

— *Schiller.*

IF a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved my friend, I find it could not otherwise be expressed than by the answer, "Because he was he; because I was I."

— *Montaigne.*

YOU shall perceive how you mistake my fortune; I am wealthy in my friends.

— *Shakespeare.*

DIE when I may, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.

— *Abraham Lincoln.*

AFTER God, there is nothing, O my friend !  
so sweet as a friend. — *Eugenie de Guerin.*

OF all the lights you carry in your face, joy  
shines farthest out to sea.

THERE is no virtue in solemn indifference,  
Joy is just as much a duty as beneficence is.  
Thankfulness is the other side of mercy.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

A LIVING, loving Christian — true of tongue,  
honest of heart, pure of conduct, and yet  
lovable in daily life is the most unanswerable  
argument for Christianity.

— *Theodore L. Cuyler.*

TO watch for hurts that we can heal, for halt-  
ing steps that we can steady, for burdens of  
infirmity or trouble that we can give our thought,  
our care, our love, ourselves, serving them with  
humblest fidelity, and leading with words of sym-  
pathy and brotherhood in the ways of righteous-  
ness and peace, — this is the high calling of God  
in Christ Jesus.

— *Washington Gladden.*

✓ ONLY love *understands* after all. It gives insight. We cannot truly know anything without sympathy, without getting out of self and entering into others.

— *Hugh Black.*

HOW many simple ways there are to bless.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

A GRASP

Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,  
A childly way with children, and a laugh  
Ringing like proven golden coinage true.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul!  
Sweetness of life! and solder of society!

— *Blair.*

A FRIEND is the gift of God, and He only  
who made hearts can unite them.

— *Southey.*

THOU hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

— *Shakespeare.*



THERE'S naught in this bad world like  
sympathy :

'Tis so becoming to the soul and face —  
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,  
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

— *Byron.*

THE best mirror is an old friend.

— *Jacula Prudentum.*

✓ YOU will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of  
the friendship between us,

Which is too true and sacred to be so easily  
broken !

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

A FRIEND whom you have been gaining dur-  
ing your whole life, you ought not to be dis-  
pleased with in a moment. A stone is many years  
becoming a ruby ; take care that you do not de-  
stroy it in an instant against another stone.

— *Saadi.*

TO err is human, to forgive divine.

— *Pope.*

HOW bless'd the heart that has a friend  
A sympathizing ear to lend  
To troubles too great to smother ?  
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restor'd  
Till a sparkling, bubbling bead they afford,  
So sorrow is cheered by being pour'd  
From one vessel into another.

— *Thomas Hood.*

HE who steps on stones is glad to feel  
The smallest spray of moss beneath his feet.

— *Anna Katherine Green.*

IF you have a word of cheer  
That may light the pathway drear  
Of a brother pilgrim here  
Let him know.  
Show him you appreciate  
What he does, and do not wait  
Till the heavy hand of Fate  
Lays him low.  
If your heart contains a thought  
That will brighter make his lot,  
Then in mercy hide it not,  
Tell him so. . . .

Wait not till your friend is dead  
Ere your compliments are said ;  
For the spirit that has fled,  
    If it know,  
Does not need to speed it on  
Our poor praise, . . .  
But unto our brother here  
That poor praise is very dear.  
If you've any word of cheer  
    Tell him so. . . .

Life is hard enough at best,  
But the love that is expressed  
Makes it seem a pathway blest  
    To our feet ;  
And the troubles that we share  
    Seem the easier to bear.

— *Denver News.*

HOW few have sympathy for friendship ! It is easy to say, "I am so sorry for you," but does your heart ache while you say it ? It is easy to say, "I congratulate you," but does all the sky shine brighter for your friend's joy ?

— *Amos R. Wells.*

NOT understood! How trifles often change  
us!

The thoughtless sentence and the fancied slight  
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,  
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight,  
Not understood.

Not understood! How many hearts are aching  
For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day,  
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!  
How many noble spirits pass away  
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,  
Or judge less harshly, when they cannot see;  
O God! that men might draw a little nearer  
To one another. They'd be nearer Thee,  
And understood. — *Anon.*

WHAT do we live for if it is not to make life  
less difficult to each other?  
— *George Eliot.*

THE test of your Christian character should be  
that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world.  
— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

TWO persons will not be friends long if they cannot forgive each other little failings.

— *La Bruyère.*

ALL men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

— *Cyrus.*

IT is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us ; as if life were not sacred too — as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

— *George Eliot.*

I HAVE an opinion, I have held it long, that human life will not always be so tiring. I think people will see, will have their eyes open to discern when their friends, their neighbors, are breaking down, dying from very tiredness, and then they will help each other.

— *Anon.*

NO soul can be quite separate,  
However set apart by fate,  
However cold or dull or shy,  
Or shrinking from the public eye.  
The world is common to the race,  
And nowhere is a hiding-place ;  
Before, behind, on either side,  
The surging masses press, divide ;  
Behind, before, with rhythmic beat,  
Is heard the tread of marching feet ;  
To left, to right, they urge, they face,  
And touch us here and touch us there.  
Hold back your garments as you will,  
The crowding world will touch us still.  
Then, since such contact needs must be,  
What shall it do for you and me ?

— *Anon.*

NO simplest duty is forgot,  
Life has no dim and lonely spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

NO one is useless in the world who lightens the  
burden of it for any one else.

— *Charles Dickens.*

THE art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.

— *F. W. Faber.*

HOW can we ease another's pain  
Their sorrows e'er dispel?  
When they are sore depressed with gloom,  
How can we break the spell,  
And make their sad lives brighter seem,  
By driving grief away?  
'Tis only loving kindness can.  
Ah! love will find a way.

— *Martha S. Lippincott.*

SO walking here in twilight, O my friends!  
I hear your voices softened by the distance,  
And pause and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

GENUINE kindness oftenest comes from self-repression, — a cheerful message from a sad soul, a brave word from a trembling heart, a generous gift from a slender purse, a helping hand from a tired man. It is not your mood but the other man's need that determines kindness.

— *Maltbie D. Babcock.*

“**B**EAR ye one another's burdens” (Gal. 6 : 2).  
“Help other people grow,” says Rev. Ira D. Landrith, “and you will be amazed and delighted to see how much larger and more robust you have yourself become. Every time you lead a wanderer along the Godward path, your own feet become more familiar with the way and stronger to walk therein. Every time your arm steadies a stumbling one or lifts a fallen, it becomes more sinewy for the bearing of its own burdens and for warding off the attacks of evil. Only idle hands and heads and hearts are dwarfed and weak.”

— *Endeavor World.*

**G**IVE what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*



THE world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.

— *Henry Drummond.*

NOTHING is more worth while than kindness. Nothing else in life is more beautiful in itself. Nothing else does more to brighten the world and sweeten other lives. Robert Louis Stevenson said in a letter to Edmund Mosse: "It is the history of our kindnesses that alone makes the world tolerable. If it were not for that, for the effect of kind words, kind looks, kind letters, multiplying, spreading, making one happy through another, and bringing forth benefits, some thirty, some fifty, some a thousandfold, I should be tempted to think our life a practical jest in the worst possible spirit."

The man whose life lacks habitual kindliness may succeed splendidly in a wordly sense. He may win his way to high honor. He may gather millions of money. He may climb to a conspicuous place among men. But he has missed that which alone gives glory to a life, — the joy and blessing of being kind.

— *J. R. Miller.*

AS we meet and touch, each day,  
The many travellers on our way,  
Let every such brief contact be  
A glorious, helpful ministry ;  
The contact of the soil and seed,  
Each giving to the other's need,  
Each helping on the other's best,  
And blessing, each, as well as blest.

— *Susan Coolidge.*

KIND words are the music of the world.

— *F. W. Faber.*

NOW is the time ; ah, friend, no longer wait  
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer  
To those around whose lives are now so dear.  
They may not meet you in the coming year.

Now is the time.

Ah, friends ! dear friends, — if any such there be, —  
Keep not your loving thoughts away from me

Till I am gone.

I want them now to help me on my way,  
As lonely watchers want the light of day

Ere it is morn.

— *D. F. Hodges.*

OH, my friend, it would be better  
If to those we love, we gave  
Tender words while they were with us  
Than to say them o'er a grave! . . .

Many a heart is hungry, starving,  
For a little word of love ;  
Speak it then, and as the sunshine  
Gilds the lofty peaks above,  
So the joy of those who hear it  
Sends its radiance down life's way,  
And the world is brighter, better,  
For the loving words we say.

Loving words will cost but little,  
As along through life we go ;  
Let us, then, make others happy, —  
If you love them, tell them so.

— *Eben E. Rexford.*

IN friendship — ev'n thought meets thought ere  
from the lips it part,  
And each warm wish springs mutual from the  
heart.

— *Pope.*

THE true sympathist must take the most catholic views of human nature. He should be able to reach out to any man in any condition, to meet him on his own ground, and view life from his standpoint. In short, he must, in a sense, *be* that man before he can fully appreciate his needs. For sympathy is not remote, it is intimate. We cannot sympathize afar off, or reach a heart while standing outside. There must be a real entering-in before there can be help. And just here one realizes how essential in dealing with men is a knowledge of human nature. It is not easy "to get along" with one unless you understand him, and the more perfectly one is in touch with another, the greater is his influence over him. Did you ever meet any one who really understood you? What a wonderful experience! There is nothing like it, and we can but tremble and rejoice that at last one is found to whom we need not be forever explaining ourselves! He understands the motive behind the deed, and even feels out for the unspoken desires and scarce-formulated aspirations of our inmost hearts! — *Leila Lyon Topping.*

LIFE is judged by love, and love is known by her fruits. — *Hugh Black.*

GIVE him a lift ; don't kneel in prayer,  
Nor moralize on his despair.  
The man is down, and his great need  
Is ready help — not prayer and creed.  
One grain of aid just now is more  
To him than tons of saintly lore.  
Pray, if you must, within your heart ;  
But give him a lift, give him a start.

— *Anon.*

AH, many a one is longing  
For words that are never said,  
And many a heart goes hungry  
For something better than bread.

— *Josephine Pollard.*

FRIENDSHIP is a word, the very sight of which  
in print makes the heart warm.

— *Augustus Birrell.*

SO many plans, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
When just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

MAKE friends early in life, else you will never have them. . . . It is only in the first third of our threescore and ten that lifelong friends are made.

— *T. T. Munger.*

OLD friends are the great blessings of one's later years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have a memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. I have young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends?

— *Horace Walpole.*

IT is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved by many friends.

— *Euripides.*

WE gain life as we use what life we have, and we gain it as we are in sympathy, companionship, or accord with those who truly live.

— *Edward Everett Hale.*

THERE are great human needs which money has no power to satisfy, but to which a little heart's gentle love will be the very bread of God. There are sorrows money cannot soothe, but which a word of loving comfort will change into songs. The abundant life may not have money to give, and yet it may fill a wide community with blessings. It may go out with sympathy, with comfort, with inspirations of cheer and hope, and may make countless hearts braver and stronger.

— *J. R. Miller.*

INEVER crossed your threshold with a grief  
But that I went without it; never came  
Heart-hungry but you fed me, eased the blame,  
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.

I never left you but I took away  
The love that drew me to your side again,  
Through the wide door that never could remain  
Quite closed between us for a little day.

— *Anon.*

EVERY life is meant  
To help all lives; each man should live  
For all men's betterment. — *Alice Cary.*

THE best portion of a good man's life, —  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. — *Wordsworth.*

IN life — not death,  
Hearts need fond words to help them on their  
way ;  
Need tender thoughts and gentle sympathy,  
Caresses, pleasant looks, to cheer each passing day,  
Then hoard them not until they useless be ;  
In life — not death,  
Speak kindly, living hearts need sympathy.  
— *Anon.*

FRIENDSHIP cannot be permanent unless it  
becomes spiritual. There must be fellowship  
in the deepest things of the soul, community in  
the highest thoughts, sympathy with the best  
endeavors. — *Hugh Black.*

NO one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate ;  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.  
— *Henry W. Longfellow.*



✓ WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life, — to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?

— *George Eliot.*

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common clod,  
To a purer air and a broader view.

— *J. G. Holland.*

“THOSE who have suffered much are like those who know many languages; they have learned to understand and be understood by all,” says one. I think this is one of the great reasons why God permits sorrow. “Sorrow is not given to us alone that we may mourn. It is given us that, having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand, love, bless. Every tear that falls from one’s own eyes gives a deeper tenderness of look, of touch, of word, that shall soothe another’s woe.”

— *L. L. C.*

TO the Christ-filled life belongs the power of insight into other lives. This is more than psychological cleverness ; it is the mysterious wisdom of love. — *Cuthbert Hall.*

NEVER let the seeming worthlessness of sympathy make you keep back that sympathy of which, when men are suffering around you, your heart is full. Go and give it, without asking yourself whether it is worth while to give it. It is too sacred a thing for you to tell what it is worth, God, from whom it comes, sends it through you to his needy child. — *Phillips Brooks.*

THE best cure for sorrow is to sympathize with another in his sorrow. The cure for despondency is to lift the burden from some other heart. — *The Household.*

FRIENDSHIP seems to me to have sprung rather from nature than from a sense of want, and more from an attachment of the mind with a certain feeling of affection, than from a calculation how much advantage it would afford. — *Cicero.*

AND he who serves his brother best  
Gets nearer God than all the rest.

IF our best friend is he who tries to make something of us, not he who would make things easy for us, surely God's friendship is shown in the experiences in which the man or woman in us shall be developed and trained. When God makes it necessary for us to struggle, to bear burdens, to fight battles, to put all our powers to the test, he is giving us a chance to grow.

— *J. R. Miller.*

CULTIVATE the friendly spirit. If one would have friends he must be worthy of them. . . . Learn to love; get the helpful spirit, and above all the responsive temper, and friends will come to you as birds fly to their beautiful singing mates.

— *T. T. Munger.*

WANTING to have a friend is altogether different from wanting to be a friend. The former is a mere natural human craving, the latter is the life of Christ in the soul.

— *J. R. Miller.*

SO long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend. — *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

FRIENDS are discovered rather than made; there are people who are, in their own nature, friends, only they don't know each other; but certain things, like poetry, music, and painting are like the Freemason's sign,—they reveal the initiated to each other. — *Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

IT is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

— *John Ruskin.*

I SHALL pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

— *A. B. Hegman.*

IN shutting none out of our sympathy, in the willingness to help all and to be helped by all, we are here beginning, like children, to climb the foothills that lead us upward to immortality; we already breathe joyfully the air of the unseen kingdom. It is folly for us to think that we shall be at home in heaven, if we find its air too pure for our breathing here. The self-absorbed, the unsympathetic, the unloving, have lost their way, and are on the downward path. No light of the eternal life is reflected from their faces. But when, at last, we shall have cast aside the worn-out rags of our selfishness, and, turning our eyes and our feet upward, are clothed upon and winged with love, on the heavenly heights, who shall guess to what new meanings sympathy and comradeship and helpfulness may grow? These are the things which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. Yes, service is the law of the heavenly life, and heartily entering into it, we enter into joy — the joy of our Lord.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

OUR friends see the best in us, and by that very fact call forth the best from us.

— *Hugh Black.*

**S**MALL service is true service while it lasts.  
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn  
not one.

The daisy by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

— *Wordsworth.*

**A** FRIEND you have to buy won't be worth  
what you pay for him.— *George C. Prentiss.*

**L**ET me to-day do something that shall take  
A little sadness from the world's vast store,  
And may I be so favored as to make  
Of joy's too scanty sum, a little more.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

**B**E useful where thou livest, that they may  
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still ;  
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way  
To compass this. Find out men's want and  
will,  
And meet them there. All worldly joys go  
less  
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

— *George Herbert.*

WE all belong to each other, but friendship is the especial accord of one life with a kindred life. It is harmony felt at the foundations of conscious being, not obliterating personal differences, but so pervading both natures as to help each to a happier and truer expression of itself. . . . It is not that they seek each the other, but that God sends each to the other, because they belong together.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

TAKE time to speak a loving word  
Where loving words are seldom heard.  
And it will linger in the mind,  
And gather others of its kind,  
'Til loving words will echo where  
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare ;  
And somewhere on thy heavenward track  
Their music will come echoing back,  
And flood thy soul with melody,  
Such is Love's immortality.

— *Anon.*

THE light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole.

— *Byron.*

SHE does a thousand kindly things  
That no one knows ;  
A loving woman's heart she brings  
To human woes ;  
And to her face the sunlight clings  
Where'er she goes.

And so she walks her quiet ways  
With that content  
That only comes to sinless days  
And innocent ;  
A life devoid of fame or praise,  
Yet nobly spent. — *Anon.*

WHAT, then, is the true way of loving one's friends? It is to love them in God, to love God in them; to love what He has made them; and to bear for love of Him what He has not made. — *Fénelon.*

“OH, how delightful it would be to live in a house where everybody understood, and loved, and thought about everybody else!” she did not know that she was wishing for nothing more and something a little less than the kingdom of heaven. — *George Macdonald.*



THERE is no use of living if our lives do not help other lives. They *must* help other lives if in themselves is the power of God.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

TO be endowed with the highest form of sympathy is to possess a heaven-sent gift which should be measured and appreciated as any other talent, for assuredly it is a rare one. The foundation principle and motive power is, of course, love for one's fellow-men — such love as makes the heart beat warm and kindly for all, with a yearning desire to be helpful to those with whom it comes in contact.

— *Leila Lyon Topping.*

ONE might think to read of suffering . . . that God had forgotten to be gracious. *Why* he permits such suffering I cannot tell; but this I can tell, that it is the duty of every one who is not suffering to do something for those who are: to think of them and for them; to try at least to comfort them in their sorrows; to help them over their troubles; in a word, to show them some friendliness, some human loving-kindness.

— *Mary Linskill.*

ONE of the greatest lessons in life is to learn to take people at their best, not their worst ; to look for the divine, not the human, in them ; the beautiful, not the ugly ; the bright, not the dark ; the straight, not the crooked side.

A habit of looking for the best in everybody, and of saying kindly instead of unkindly things about them, strengthens the character, elevates the ideals, and tends to produce happiness. It also helps to create friends. We like to be with those who see the divine side of us, who see our possibilities, who do not dwell upon the dark side of our life, but upon the bright side. This is the office of a true friend, to help us discover our noblest selves.

— *Success.*

HE who truly gives sympathy makes some personal bestowal of himself, of his own strength, his own life, into the weakness and deadness that he tries to help. It is indeed a wondrous gift from man to man.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

FRIENDSHIP antedates a glad eternity  
And is a heaven in epitome.

— *Katharine Philips.*

ENJOYING each other's good is heaven begun.

— *Lucy C. Smith.*

LEARN to give and not to take; to drown your own hungry wants in the happiness of lending yourself to fulfil the interests to those nearest or dearest to you.

— *Henry Scott Holland.*

LOVE is life, and lovelessness is death. As the grace of God changes a man's heart and cleanses and sanctifies him, this is the great evidence of the change, this is the great difference which it makes: that he begins to grow in love, to lay aside self-seeking, and to live for others — and so he may know that he has passed from death unto life. . . . For that life into which we pass, as God's dear grace of love comes in us and about us, is the very life of heaven.

— *Francis Paget.*

TO her, no matter what the burden, it was simply leading the heavy laden to the strong Divine Friend as people were brought to Him of old, and establishing the personal relations of love, faith, and following.

— *E. P. Roe.*

SYMPATHY is the safeguard of the human soul against selfishness. — *Thomas Carlyle.*

WHO is my neighbor? It is he  
Who needs a gift my hands can give,  
Whose human misery pleads to me,  
His claim to help, his right to live.

— *Anon.*

IF any little words of ours can make one life the brighter ;  
If any little song of ours can make one heart the lighter ;  
God help us speak the little word, and take our bit of singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale, and set the echoes ringing.

— *Anon.*

NO man in the world to-day has such power as he who can make his fellow-men feel that Christ is a reality. — *Henry van Dyke.*

SHE lived to serve, and the when and the how were not hers to determine. So with bright face and brave heart she met her days and faced her battle.

— *Ralph Connor.*

LET your friends have your sympathy and your help.

— *H. Monsell.*

IF I can feel sympathy,—feel it within and without,—then dew falls and the desert begins to blossom.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

WE are going to do a kindly deed,  
Sometime, perhaps, but when?  
Our sympathy give in a time of need,  
Sometime, perhaps, but when?  
We will do so much in the coming years;  
We will banish the heartaches and doubts and fears,  
And we'll comfort the lonely and dry their tears,  
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

We will give a smile to a saddened heart,  
Sometime, perhaps, but when?  
Of the heavy burdens we'll share a part,  
Sometime, perhaps, but when?  
Sometime we're going to right the wrong;  
Sometime the weak we will help make strong;  
Sometime we'll come with Love's old, sweet song,  
Sometime, perhaps, but when?

— *E. A. Brininstool.*



The Influence  
of  
Friendship

No stream from its source  
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,  
But what some land is gladdened. No star  
ever rose  
And set without influence somewhere. Who  
knows  
What earth needs from earth's lowest crea-  
tures? No life  
Can be pure in its purpose, and strong in  
its strife,  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

— *Owen Meredith.*

If one light shines, the next life to it must  
catch the light. It is the inflection of in-  
fluence.

— *A. D. T. Whitney.*





**I**T is very good for strength,  
To know that some one needs you to  
be strong.  
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

**B**E noble, and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.  
— *James Russell Lowell.*

**W**HERE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.  
— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

**Y**OU tempt my soul afar  
By your ideals for me — till life end ;  
My calm, dispassionate, sincerest friend.  
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THUS it is that companionship always leaves its impress. Eye cannot even look into eye in one deep, earnest gaze, but a touch has been left on the soul. We do not know what we are letting into our life when we take into companionship even for an hour one who is not good, not pure, not true. Then who can tell of the debasing influence of such companionship when continued until it becomes intimacy, friendship; when confidences are exchanged, when soul touches soul?

On the other hand, good companionship has only benediction and blessing for a life. There have been mere chance meetings, just for a moment, which yet have left blessings whose influences shall never perish.

Even brief moments of companionship leave this mark of blessing. Then who can tell the power of a close and long-continued friendship, running through happy years, sharing deepest experiences, heart and heart knit together?

— J. R. Miller.

A HOLY life is a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof. — Hinton.

THE kindest man I ever knew. . . .

Such fine reserve and noble reticence,  
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace  
Of tenderest courtesy. — *Alfred Tennyson.*

INFLUENCE is as inseparable from character as the fragrance is from the flower, or the shadow from the substance. Every one that lives, therefore, lives not merely unto himself, but has a subtle effluence always radiating from him that produces some effect on others. On the rocks beneath us you will find the impress of the tiniest insect as well as that of the largest megatherium; and so in the strata of society, each man has his own place to fill, and will leave his own mark behind for blessing or for the reverse.

— *William M. Taylor.*

BE cheerful. Give this lonesome world a smile,  
We stay at longest but a little while.  
Hasten we must, or we shall lose the chance  
To give the gentle word, the kindly glance.  
Be sweet and tender — that is doing good;  
'Tis doing what no other good deed could.

— *Anon.*

ONLY a thought; but the work it wrought  
Could never by pen or tongue be taught;  
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,  
And the life bore fruit a hundredfold.

— *Anon.*

EVERY reform, every regenerating movement, must have a *man* behind it. He must be a good man who would make others good. He must be generous who would make others liberal. We cannot be in the company of some men ten minutes without being lifted to their purer atmosphere. We act our best, talk our best, feel our best, when they are near. We cannot drop an unjust or bitter word in their presence, any more than we could take a live coal into our lips. We cannot retail a doubtful piece of gossip until they are out of hearing. While they are talking we feel generous and high-minded, willing to sacrifice our money, or our time, or ourselves to the cause they love. While they are near, we feel that life is worth living, that we can amount to something, if we choose, that it is a noble thing to be a man, that it is a glorious thing to be a Christian. We cannot describe this enveloping, elevating influence. We

cannot tell exactly what it is, but we have felt it. This was and is the influence of Christ in the earth. He only turned and looked upon Peter, but Peter was never the same man after that look as before. From the cross He looked with tender, loving eyes upon a sin-stained world, and this old world has never been quite so vile and wretched since. Every year it is being lifted, more and more, out of its wretchedness, and this is only accomplished, and altogether accomplished, by His pure and loving personality. — *Golden Rule.*

COURAGE is just strength of heart, and the strong heart makes itself felt everywhere, and lifts up the whole of life, and ennobles it, and makes it move directly to its chosen aim.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

WITHIN the deeps of her dear eyes  
The spirit of the sunshine lies,  
And when she turns their light on me,  
The shadows of a lifetime flee.  
Spring, joy, and love become my part,  
For she is sunshine in my heart.

— *Lydia Avery Coonley.*

MANY there be who call themselves our  
friends ;

Yet, ah ! if heaven sends

One, only one, so mated to our soul,

To make our half a whole,

Rich beyond price are we.

— *Anon.*

— EVERY Christian should cast a rainbow shadow, not cutting off from friends the brightness of the light of Christ's face, but making it all the richer because of its human interpreting. The blessing of the love of Christ should be in the influence of every Christian. Wherever we go there should be healing in our shadow. Others should be better and truer for seeing and knowing us. Wherever we go we should carry cheer and gladness. It should be easier for our friends to be good because they know us and see our life. Our shadow, even as we pass along the street, should heal those upon whom it falls. We should always be inspirers of the good possibilities.

“ Be noble, and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.”

— *J. R. Miller.*

WHAT a subtle kind of heartache we give others by simply not being at our best and highest, when they have to make allowances for us, when the dark side is uppermost in our minds, and we take their sunlight and courage away by even our unspoken thoughts, our atmosphere of heaviness! O to stand always and eternally for sunlight and life and cheer! — *Anon.*

THINK truly, and thy thought  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and thy word  
Shall be a faithful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

NEXT to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful bright and warm within. A host of evil passions may lurk around the door, but they never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them to shame and flight. — *The Lutheran Observer.*

I FEEL that I shall stand  
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore,  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

## MY KATE

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,  
And yet all your best made of sunshine and  
snow  
Drop to shade, melt to nought in the long-trodden  
ways,  
While she's still remembered on warm and cold  
days, —

My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;  
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face:  
And when you had once seen her forehead and  
mouth,  
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth —

My Kate.



Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,  
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke :—  
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was her tone,  
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—  
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act  
As a thought or suggestion : she did not attract  
In the sense of the brilliant or wise : I infer  
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of  
her —  
My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied  
Your wrong by her right ; and yet men at her side  
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town  
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown —  
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall ;  
They knelt more to God than they used, — that  
was all ;  
If you praised her as charming, some asked what  
you meant,  
But the charm of her presence was felt when she  
went —  
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,  
She took as she found them, and did them all good ;  
It always was so with her — see what you have !  
She has made the grass greener even here . . .  
with her grave —

My Kate.

My dear one ! when thou wast alive with the rest,  
I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best :  
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part  
As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweet  
Heart —

My Kate.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

I AM a part of all that I have met.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

THE light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart, whose softness harmonized the whole.

— *Byron.*

HER eyes were homes of silent prayer.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

AS one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

SUCH were great Hercules and Hylas dear;  
True Jonathan and David truly tried;

\* \* \* \* \*

Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever;  
All these, and all that ever had been tied  
In bands of friendship, there did live forever;  
Whose lives although decay'd, yet love decay'd  
never.

— *Spenser.*

IT was not anything she said;  
It was not anything she did;  
It was the movement of her head,  
The lifting of her lid.  
And as she trod her path aright,  
Power from her very garment stole;  
For such is the mysterious might  
God grants a noble soul.

— *Anon.*

IF our virtues  
Did not go forth of us 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not.

— *Shakespeare.*

IT is worth while to be a friend. It is to come into people's lives with hallowed influences, and then never again to go out of them. For to be a friend at all is to stay forever in this life. God never takes from us a friend he gives. Therefore the privilege granted to a few rare spirits of being a friend of many people is one of earth's most sacred gifts.

— *J. R. Miller.*

A FLASH ! you came into my life,  
And lo ! adown the years  
Rainbows of promise stretched across  
The sky grown gray with tears.  
By day you were my sun of gold,  
By night, my silver moon ;  
I could not from a Father's hands  
Have asked a greater boon.

A flash ! you passed out of my life —  
No, no ! your spirit still  
Is sun and moon and guiding star  
Through every cloud and ill.  
As down the rainbow years I go,  
You still are at my side ;  
And some day I shall stand with you  
Among the glorified.

— *Anon.*

MEN and women  
Who set us palpitating with the thrill  
Of something loftier than we yet have dreamed  
Are God's sublimest poems.

He made right conduct winsome, strong to save  
His friends from lower moods by what he gave  
Of his wide-visioned, brave, imperial soul.

— *Ozora S. Davis.*

HER angel's face  
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

— *Spenser.*

SOW thou the seeds of better deed and thought,  
Light other lamps while yet thy light is  
beaming.

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have  
thought,

Go out from us thronging every hour ;  
And in them all is folded up a power,  
That on the earth doth move men to and fro ;  
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought,  
In hearts we know not, and may never know.

— *F. W. Faber.*

THE thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction. — *Wordsworth.*

HOW far that little candle throws his beams,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
— *Shakespeare.*

AND Jonathan caused David to swear again,  
because he loved him : for he loved him as  
he loved his own soul.

The friendship of David and Jonathan was one  
of the most beautiful illustrations of friendship that  
the world has ever seen.

Such friendships are very rare. Yet every  
young man is better for having a strong, true, and  
noble friendship. Young men have many tempta-  
tions, and there is a wonderful restraining and con-  
straining power in the life of one we love. We  
dare not do wrong in the sacred presence of a  
trusted friend. We all know how unworthy we  
feel when we come with the recollection of some  
sin or some meanness into the presence of one  
we honor. One writes of the hallowing influ-  
ence of such a presence : —

“Each soul whispers to herself: ’Twere like a breach  
Of reverence in a temple, could I dare,  
Here speak untruth, here wrong my inmost  
thought.

Here I grow strong and pure ; here I may yield  
Without shamefacedness the little brought  
From out my poorer life, and stand revealed  
And glad and trusting, in the sweet and rare  
And tender presence which hath filled this air.”

— *J. R. Miller.*

A FRIEND has many functions. He comes as the brightener into our life, to double our joys and halve our griefs. He comes as the counsellor, to give wisdom to our plans. He comes as the strengthener, to multiply our opportunities and be hands and feet for us in our absence. But above all use like this he comes as our rebuker, to explain our failures and shame us from our lowness ; as our purifier, our uplifter, our ideal, whose life to us is a constant challenge in our heart, — “Friend, come up higher, higher along with me ; that you and I may be those truest true lovers who are nearest to God when nearest to each other.”

— *Endeavor World.*

LEARN to greet your friends with a smile.  
They carry too many frowns in their own  
hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

AM I not nobler thro' thy love ?  
— *Alfred Tennyson.*

THE touch of a hand, the glance of an eye,  
Or a word exchanged with a passer-by ;  
A glimpse of a face in a crowded street,  
And afterwards life is incomplete ;  
A picture painted with honest zeal,  
And we lose the old for the new ideal ;  
A chance remark, or a song's refrain,  
And life is never the same again.

An angered word from our lips is sped,  
Or a tender word is left unsaid,  
And one there is who, his whole life long,  
Shall cherish the brand of a burning wrong ;  
A line that stares up from an open page,  
A cynic smile from the lips of age,  
A glimpse of loving seen in a play,  
And the dreams of our youth are swept away.

— *Anon.*



FRIENDSHIP only truly exists where men harmonize in their views of things human and divine, accompanied by the greatest love and esteem.

— *Cicero.*

“GOD gave the increase” (1 Cor. 3: 6). The work of Richard Gibbs is a remarkable example of how one’s influence not only endures, but increases and multiplies after one has passed beyond this life. Richard Gibbs wrote a tract entitled, “The Bruised Reed.” A tin pedler gave it to a boy named Richard Baxter. Through reading it he was brought to Christ. He wrote “A Call to the Unconverted.” Among the thousands saved through it was Philip Doddridge, who wrote “The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.” That book fell into the hands of Wilberforce, the great emancipator of slaves, and led him to Christ. Wilberforce wrote “A Practical View of Christianity,” which fired the heart of Leigh Richmond. Richmond wrote “The Dairyman’s Daughter,” which, before 1849, had a circulation of four millions and was translated into fifty languages — all from the tract that Richard Gibbs wrote.

— *Endeavor World.*

AS characters traced on white paper with sympathetic ink can only be made legible by fire, so our hearts' characters cannot be read unless warmed by friendship.

What is the best a friend can be  
To any soul, to you or me ?  
Not only shelter, comfort, rest —  
Inmost refreshment unexpressed ;  
Not only a beloved guide  
To thread life's labyrinth at our side,  
Or with love's torch lead on before ;  
Though these be much, there yet is more.

\* \* \* \* \*

The best friend is an atmosphere  
Warm with all inspirations dear,  
Wherein we breathe the large, free breath  
Of life that hath no taint of death.  
Our friend is an unconscious part  
Of every true beat of our heart ;  
A strength, a growth, whence we derive  
God's health that keeps the world alive.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

GOOD deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell.

— *Jean Paul Richter.*

NEVER a word is said  
But it trembles in the air,  
And the truant voice has sped  
To vibrate everywhere ;  
And perhaps far off in eternal years  
The echo may ring upon our ears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Never a day is given,  
But it tones the after years,  
And it carries up to heaven  
Its sunshine or its tears ;  
While the to-morrows stand and wait, —  
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,  
And the stars are everywhere,  
And time is eternity,  
And the here is over there ;  
For the common deeds of the common day  
Are ringing bells in the far away.

— *Henry Burton.*

TRUE friendship is like sound health ; the value  
of it is seldom known until it is lost.

— *Cotton.*

I WANT to live, if God will give me help, such a life that, if all men were living it, this world would be regenerated and saved. I want to live such a life that, if that life changed into new personal peculiarities as it went to different men, but the same life still, if every man were living it, the millennium would be here ; nay, heaven would be here, the universal presence of God.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

IN choosing friends we are choosing a large part of our future. We are to be, in great measure, what they are. We are to think their thoughts, imitate their actions, share their joys and sorrows. If we choose our friends wisely, we are far on the way to a happy and successful life. If we choose them foolishly, we are certain of some shame and sorrow and loss, and perhaps of much. Then choose friends with great and eager care. Nowadays it is only a few that take time for friendship. There are many other things, we foolishly think, that pay better. No one can be a real friend without taking time for it and spending strength on it. We must think about our friends, plan for them, give them practical assistance, cheer them up, en-

courage them, often be hands and feet and mind and heart for them, as David and Jonathan were for each other. Sometimes men wonder why they have no friends; they are not willing to pay the price. The last rule for friends is, Be willing to let them go! I mean, of course, for their own good. Be willing to run the risk of offending them, of driving them away from you, if in no other way you can move them to righteousness. Be entirely frank with them. Do not flatter them. Do not wink at their faults and sins. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," and a friend is not worth having who will not risk your friendship for the sake of helping you. If you have such a friend, thank God for him every day.

— *Endeavor World.*

EVERY man is a missionary now and forever, whether he intends or designs it or not.

— *Dr. Chalmers.*

GREAT souls by instinct to each other turn,  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

— *Addison.*

YOU can only make others better by being good yourself.

— *Hugh R. Hawies.*

COURAGE is contagious. Brave thoughts, brave words, brave deeds, — courage in his whole attitude toward life and death, toward God and man — this makes the teacher an educator, constitutes him a former and creator of men; for the heroic mood leads to contact with divine things and has vital power. Refuse to entertain thy troubles and sorrows, and they will leave thee. A great mind can console and heal as well as time. Our attitude toward circumstances determines what effect they shall have upon us. . . . All things belong to thee, if thou but love them, and what thou possessest will give thee pure delight, if thou hold and use it for the benefit of others. . . . If thy life seem to thee a useless burden, still bear it bravely, and thou shalt find at last, like St. Christopher, that thou hast carried a god across the troubled streams of time. Whosoever does what is right in a generous and brave spirit feels that he acts in harmony with eternal laws, and is, in his deep soul, conscious of divine approval.

— *J. L. Spaulding.*

THIS learned I from the shadow of a tree  
That to and fro did sway upon a wall ;  
Our shadow selves — our influence may fall  
Where we can never be.

— *Anna E. Hamilton.*

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth I knew not where ;  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

SOUL-MESSAGES may not be stayed nor  
crossed ;

Out of God's mails no letter is lost.

— *A. D. T. Whitney.*

AND God shall make divinely real  
The highest form of thy ideal.

— *Mrs. Preston.*

AND who can tell what secret links of thought  
Bind heart to heart?

Unspoken words are heard, as if within our deepest  
selves were brought

The soul, perhaps, of some unuttered word.

— *Adelaide A. Procter.*

TO come in contact with a great soul, to feel its  
influence, is to have new life breathed into  
one. It is to have all that is noble within the self  
rescued from the pettiness of human surroundings,  
and lifted into an atmosphere where it beholds,  
though in another, the possibilities of its own  
divinity. . . . Such an atmosphere can be created  
only through the life of one who lives with God  
every day and every hour.

— *Florence Palmer King.*

TO win a true friend, one must love Truth and  
Right better than he loves that friend.

— *W. C. Gannett.*



IN so much as any one pushes you nearer to God,  
he or she is your friend. — *Mozoomdar.*

NO man or woman of the humblest sort can  
really be strong, gentle, pure, and good with-  
out the world being better for it, without some-  
body being helped and comforted by the very  
existence of that goodness. — *Phillips Brooks.*

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells :  
The book of life the shining record tells.  
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad,  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong,  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

ONE example is worth a thousand arguments.  
— *Gladstone.*

WE all have friends whose influence over us is genial and kindly. We are conscious of being drawn ever toward goodness and truth and purity when with them. They arouse in us noble longings and aspirations. They call out our best endeavors and our gentlest and kindest dispositions. Others there are who bring from us not sweet music, but jarring discord. — *J. R. Miller.*

THE gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;  
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed  
As by his manners. — *Spenser.*

OUR friends are our ideals. At least, in every beautiful friend's life we see some little glimpse of life "as it is in heaven," a little fragment of the beauty of the Lord, which becomes part of the glory into which we would fashion ourselves.

When we truly love a friend we unconsciously reach toward what he is and grow into or toward his likeness. The influence of companionship projects even far beyond the earthly story of those who touch and impress our lives. Indeed, we can never be as though we had not experienced it. — *J. R. Miller.*

I THINK that good must come of good,  
And ill of evil — surely unto all,  
In every place or time, seeing sweet fruit  
Groweth from wholesome roots, or bitter things  
From poison stocks : yea, seeing, too, how spite  
Breeds hate — and kindness, friends — or patience  
Peace.  
— *Edwin Arnold.*

THERE are natures in which, if they love us,  
we are conscious of having a sort of baptism  
and consecration. They bind us over to rectitude  
and purity by their pure belief about us ; and our  
sins become the worst kind of sacrilege which tears  
down the invisible altar of trust.  
— *George Eliot.*

A MAN who lives right, and is right, has more  
power in his silence than another has by his  
words. Character is like bells which ring out  
sweet music, and which, when touched, accidentally  
even, resound with sweet music.  
— *Phillips Brooks.*

EVERY life is meant  
To help all lives ; each man should live  
For all men's betterment.  
— *Alice Cary.*

IF thou art blest,  
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest  
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies  
Back in thy brother's skies.  
If thou art sad,  
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.

— *Anna E. Hamilton.*

JUST to live is joy enough,  
Though where roads are dull and rough,  
Fill your cup and share it ! Can  
More be done by flower or man ?

— *Lucy Larcom.*

THE nobler the character, the larger and deeper  
its friendships will be, the more natures it  
will enter into and illumine. — *Lucy Larcom.*

THOU must be true thyself  
If thou the truth would teach ;  
Thy soul must overflow,  
If thou another soul would reach ;  
It needs the overflowing heart  
To give the life full speech.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

THERE are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes under their fingers like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine.

— *F. W. Faber.*

DEAR, I would be to you the breath of balm  
That sighs from folded blossoms, wet with  
dew ;

The day's first dawn-ray I would be to you —  
The starlight's cheery gleam, the moonlight's calm.

I would be pillow to your cheek,  
When toil is done, and care hath ceased to grieve ;  
I would be the dear dream your soul doth seek,  
The dream whose joy no waking hour can give.

When strength is ebbing and the road is long,  
I would be the firm staff within your hand ;  
A pillar of cloud in a sun-beaten land,  
A pillar of fire, where night's black shadows  
throng.

— *Madeline S. Bridges.*

THE smallest bark on Life's tempestuous ocean  
Will leave a track behind for evermore ;  
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,  
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.  
We should be wary, then, who go before  
A myriad yet to be, and we should take  
Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar  
And fearful tempests gather ; one mistake  
May wreck unnumber'd barks that follow in our  
wake.

— *Sarah K. Bolton.*

IT is wonderful to think what the presence of  
one human being can do for another,—change  
everything in the world. — *George S. Merriam.*

MAY I reach  
That purest heaven, — be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused.  
And in diffusion evermore intense!  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

— *George Eliot.*

REMEMBER there is no legacy like the example of a holy life. . . . Be peaceful and joyous, consecrate the simplest duties of every day, fill your life with earnest endeavor and perfect trust ; and no matter how narrow and painful it may seem to you, when it is ended, you will look back with wonder at the influence for good your quiet example and cheerful spirit have been.

— *Anon.*





The  
Immortality  
of  
Friendship

True friendship is infinite and immortal.

— *Pope.*

Can friend lose friend? Believe it not!  
The tissue whereof life is wrought,  
Weaving the separate into one,  
Nor end hath, nor beginning; spun  
From subtle threads of destiny,  
Finer than thought of man can see.  
God takes not back his gifts divine;  
While thy soul lives, thy friend is thine.

— *Lucy Larcom.*



ONCE we have loved we never lose.

That is not love which can forget,  
Through loss and loneliness and grief  
This gem is as its coronet,  
That true love never can forget.

That is not faith which drops its hold.

Once we have trusted, in our clasp  
Forever lies life's changeless gold,  
Nor withers in our loosened grasp;  
True faith through all time keeps its clasp.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

WE must learn that our best and most steadfast friends are invisible, namely, the dear angels, who with faithfulness and love, moreover with all helpfulness and true friendship, far surpass all the friends we have whom we can see. Thus in many ways we enjoy the fellowship of the heavenly spirits.

— *Luther.*

THE truth of immortality gives us a vision of continued existence in love and blessedness for those who have passed from us and beyond our sight. We miss them and we ask a thousand questions about them, yet get no answer from this world's wisdom. But looking through the broken grave of Christ, as through a window, we see green fields on the other side, and amid the gladness and the joy we catch glimpses of the dear faces we miss from the earthly circle. — *J. R. Miller.*

AND is not the best of all our hopes, the hope of immortality, always before us? . . . It will be the most joyful of all our travels and adventures. It will bring us our best acquaintances and friendships. — *Henry van Dyke.*

NOT merely for this world below  
Does friendship's cord entwine,  
But in the future we shall know  
Its value more divine.  
The friendship which we cherish here,  
With plighted heart and hand,  
God's angels give it honor there —  
*There is its native land.* — *Anon.*

THEY sin who tell us love can die ; . . .

Love's holy flame forever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest time of love is there.

— *Southey.*

NO, the heart that has truly loved never forgets.

— *Thomas Moore.*

ALL we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;

Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good,  
nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for  
the melodist,

When eternity affirms the conceptions of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroes for earth  
too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in  
the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the  
bard ;

Enough that he heard it once : we shall hear it by  
and by.

— *Robert Browning.*

SAY not of thy friend departed,  
“He is dead”: — he is but grown  
Larger-souled and deeper-hearted,  
Blossoming into skies unknown.  
All the air of earth is sweeter  
For his being’s full release;  
And thine own life is completer  
For his conquest and his peace.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

“SOME day,” we say, and turn our eyes  
Toward the fair hills of paradise;  
Some day, some time, a sweet new rest  
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.  
Some day, some time, our eyes shall see  
The faces kept in memory;  
Some day their hand shall clasp our hand,  
Just over in the Morning-land —  
O Morning-land! — O Morning-land!

— *Edward H. Phelps.*

AND visible friends link hands with those un-  
seen,  
Veiled in immortal light: their love is one.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

IN a world of constant change and uncertainty there is, we may safely affirm, no surer anchor of the soul than a true and enduring friendship. And friendship to be true must necessarily be enduring,—be a pure and constant flame, burning with a steadiness that chance and change do not harm, glowing more cheerily in the hour of trouble or need, and unobscured by distance of time or space. Friendship is, in its very nature, pure, magnanimous, sacred,—a blending of soul with soul, a forgetfulness of self, an entire and absolute trust, a oneness of heart. That such a friendship is indeed Heaven's best gift we may well believe, and think of it as a bond not to be measured by the little span of this brief life, but as immortal and infinite; a chain the first links only of which we hold in our perishing hands, but which we may hope to grasp yet more firmly in other and brighter worlds.

—*L. G. S.*

THAT I shall love alway,  
I offer thee  
That love is life,  
And life hath immortality.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

THE friendship of high and sanctified spirits  
loses nothing by death but its alloy.

— *Bishop Hall.*

I TRY to guess what radiance now  
Is resting on that gentle brow,  
Lovelier than shone upon it here ;  
What heavenly work thou hast begun,  
What new immortal friendships won,  
That make the life unseen so dear.

I do not think that any change  
Could ever thy sweet soul estrange  
From the familiar human ties ;  
Thou art the same, though inmost heaven  
Its wisdom to thy thought has given,  
Its beauty kindled in thine eyes.

The same to us, as warm, as true,  
Whatever beautiful or new  
With thy unhindered growth may blend :  
Here, as life broadens, love expands ;  
How must it bloom in those free lands  
Where thou dost walk, belovèd friend !

— *Lucy Larcom.*



WOULD it be like God to create such beautiful unselfish loves, most like the love of heaven of any type we know — just for our three-score and ten years? Would it be like Him to allow two souls to grow together here, so that the separating of the day is pain, and then wrench them apart for all eternity? What is meant by such expressions as “risen together, sitting together in heavenly places”? If they mean anything, they mean recognition, friendships, enjoyments. Our friends are not dead, nor asleep, they go on loving, they are near us always, and God has said, “*We should know each other there.*”

— *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

WHO love can never die! They are a part  
Of all that lives beneath the summer's sky;  
With the world's living soul their souls are one;  
Nor shall they in vast Nature be undone  
And lost in the general life; each separate heart  
Shall live, and find its own, and never die.

— *Anon.*

TO live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

— *Campbell.*

I LOST a friend the other day —  
His heart was pure and strong and true ;  
Our days were sweet, but all too few ;  
He passed from earth — the other day.  
But while I see him here no more,  
I know that on a happier shore,  
Not here, but in eternity,  
God will give my friend to me.

I lost a friend long years ago —  
Awhile our paths together lay,  
And we were happy by the way  
Until we parted — years ago.  
From out each other's lives we passed ;  
Each went his way, but yet, at last,  
Or here, or in eternity,  
God will give back my friend to me.

I lost a friend — or, shall I say  
He lost himself! For sin and shame  
Have left me little but the name  
Of him I loved, and love to-day.  
My friend, as lost, I weep, deplore ;  
But faith says : " One can save, restore."  
To Thee I come, I pray to Thee,  
O Christ, give back my friend to me.

— *Paton H. Hoge.*

WHAT shall I do, my friend,  
When you are gone forever?  
My heart its eager need will send  
Through the years to find you never.

And how will it be with you,  
In the weary world, I wonder?  
Will you love me with a love as true,  
When our paths lie far asunder?

The way is short, O friend,  
That reaches out before us;  
God's tender heavens above us bend,  
His love is smiling o'er us.

A little while is ours,  
For sorrow or for laughter:  
I'll lay the hand you love in yours,  
On the shore of the Hereafter.

— *Mary Clemmer.*

I HOLD it true, whate'er befall,  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

HE who really loves has tasted of immortality.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

TALK not of wasted affections ; affection never  
was wasted,

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters  
returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill it full  
of refreshment.

That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain. — *Henry W. Longfellow.*

WE that had loved him so, followed him,  
honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear ac-  
cents,

Made him our pattern to love or to die.

— *Robert Browning.*

GREEN be thy turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days ;

None knew thee but to love thee,

Nor named thee but to praise.

— *Halleck.*

SWEET human hand and lips and eye,  
Dear heavenly friend, thou canst not die.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy voice is on the rolling air ;  
I hear thee where the waters run ;  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair.

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;  
Loved deeplier, darklier understood ;  
Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

WHEN I remember them, those friends of mine,  
Who are no longer here, the noble three,  
Who half my life were more than friends to me,  
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,  
I most of all remember the divine  
Something, that shone in them, and made us see  
The archetypal man, and what might be  
The amplitude of Nature's first design.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

TRUE friendship is eternal.

— *Cicero.*

WE scatter down the four wide ways,  
Clasp hands and part, but keep  
The power of the golden days  
To lull our care asleep,  
And dream, while our new years we fill  
With sweetness from those four,  
That we are known and loved there still,  
Though we come back no more.

— *Rudyard Kipling.*

IS it not sweet to think, hereafter,  
When the spirit leaves this sphere,  
Love, with deathless wings, shall waft her  
To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas, alas, doth Hope deceive us?  
Shall friendship, — love, — shall all those ties  
That bind a moment, and then leave us,  
Be found again where nothing dies?

Oh! if no other boon were given,  
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,  
Who would not try to win a heaven  
Where all we love shall live again.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;  
And as the wind is pitched, the ear is pleased  
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave ;  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

— *Cowper.*

DEATH, indeed, cannot sever friendship.  
“Friends,” says Cicero, “though absent, are still present ; though in poverty they are rich ; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health ; and what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive.” This seems a paradox, yet is there not much truth in his explanation ? “To me, indeed, Scipio still lives, and will always live ; for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished. . . . Assuredly of all things that either fortune or time has bestowed on me, I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio.” If, then, we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death, in the “amber of memory.”

— *Sir John Lubbock.*

ONE came and told me suddenly,  
    "Your friend is dead ! Last year she went ;"  
    But many years my friend had spent  
In life's wide wastes, apart from me.

And lately I had felt her near,  
    And walked as if by soft winds fanned,  
    Had felt the touching of her hand,  
Had known she held me close and dear.

And swift I learned that being dead  
    Meant rather being free to live,  
    And free to seek me, free to give,  
And so my heart was comforted.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

OH, may I join the choir invisible  
    Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence ; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues.

— *George Eliot.*



NEAR you in sympathy the angels stand,  
Their unseen hosts encompass you around ;  
Strong and unconquerable the glorious band,  
And loud their songs and hymns of victory sound.  
And near you, though invisible, are those,  
The good and just of every age and clime,  
Who while on earth have fought the selfsame foes,  
And won the fight through faith and love sublime.

— *Jones Very.*

I AM an immortal being. There is no death  
to cut short my plans.

— *Edward Everett Hale.*

AROUND our pillows golden ladders rise,  
And up and down the skies,  
With wingèd sandals shod,  
The angels come and go, the  
Messengers of God. — *Stoddard.*

FOR love remains, whatever dies :  
The love that breathed us into bloom,  
And set us in the eternities,  
To fill their void with life's perfume.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

GOD never meant us to be separated  
From one another in our work and thought ;  
Spirits that share His Spirit He has mated,  
That so his loving purpose may be wrought,  
His gracious will be done  
In earth and heaven, as one.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

I HAVE friends in the spirit land, —  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came.

— *John G. Whittier.*

SWEET souls around us ! watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side,  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helpings glide.  
Let death between us be as nought,  
A dried and vanished stream ;  
Your joy be the reality,  
Our suffering life the dream.

— *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

THEY live, since love is deathless.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

WHEN we think of the friends who have gone from us into the unseen, having passed through many changes in their physical lineaments from youth to old age,—we do not see these changes; our vision is of *themselves*, in the fresh, full, unhindered expression of all that was best and most real in them. The soul is always young, and the heavenly form is the true revelation of the soul. Even here, we know our friends far less by their physical peculiarities of themselves that we call “expression.”

“I have *friends* in Spirit Land, —  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
Not others, but themselves are they !”

We shall look into the same deep eyes, and clasp the same warm hands, and walk on beside the same beloved beings we have known here, our transfigured bodies forever “young with the youth of the angels.”  
— *Lucy Larcom.*

THY earliest friend with me  
Walked hand in hand ; we sat long hours upon  
This bank ; and I am on the earth, but she  
Had wings, and she is gone. — *Dora Greenwell.*

I KNOW not are you far or near,  
Or are you dead, or are you live ;  
I know not who the blame should bear,  
Or who should plead, or who forgive ;  
But when we meet some day, some day,  
Eyes clearer grown the truth may see,  
And every cloud shall roll away  
That darkens love, 'twixt you and me.

I know not when the day shall be,  
I know not when our eyes may meet,  
What welcome you may give to me,  
Or will your words be sad or sweet ;  
It may not be till years have passed,  
Till eyes are dim and tresses gray ;  
The world is wide, but, love, at last,  
Our hearts, our hands, must meet some day.

— *Anon.*

ONCE we have loved we cannot lose.  
Who loves must trust and cannot choose.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

IMMORTALITY is the glorious discovery of  
Christianity.

— *Channing.*

THE mortal body cannot love and trust.  
'Tis soul that loves, and soul is more than clod.  
And, though the body molds back to dust,  
The soul lives on forevermore with God.

— *E. Alfred Coil.*

OTHOSE loving hearts in the realms above,  
That in life we can ne'er forget,  
We know they are watching with eyes of love,  
We know that they love us yet.

— *Charlotte D. Wilbur.*

STILL seems it strange, that thou shouldst live  
forever?

Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?  
*This* is a miracle, and *that* no more. — *Young.*

CAN it be?  
Matter immortal, and shall spirit die?  
Above the nobler and less noble rise?  
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,  
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,  
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,  
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?

— *Young.*

MANY friends that travelled with me  
Reached Heaven's portal long ago ;  
One by one they left me battling  
With the dark and crafty foe.  
They are watching at the portal,  
They are waiting at the door ;  
Waiting only for my coming —  
The beloved ones gone before.

— *H. M. Reasoner.*

I CLIMB the hill : from end to end  
Of all the landscape underneath  
I find no place that does not breathe  
Some gracious memory of my friend.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

IT must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well !  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,  
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man. — *Addison.*

NO life once lived on earth bravely and well,  
ever quite ceases to be. The great and good  
who have gone over to the majority still live and  
speak, still uplift and inspire those who are toiling  
here. That is a beautiful conception of death,  
that makes us think of our lost as just "away,"  
not beyond our loving and our remembering and  
not beyond remembering and loving us. "Is there  
never a chink in the world above where they listen  
for words from below?" sings Jean Ingelow.  
Ah, yes, there are gates ajar, through which our  
voices steal in and our songs break, to mingle with  
theirs among the glorified. They are alive still,  
and being alive, who shall say that they have ceased  
to care?

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE friends who have been truly ours here, we  
must find in the hereafter, for they are part of  
ourselves: our life and theirs is one, and is "hid  
with Christ in God" where it is safe forever.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

THEN, though thy place on earth a void must be,  
Beloved friend, thou art not dead to me.

— *H. H. Boyesen.*





# The Divine Friendship

The dearest word that Christ says to His disciples, the proudest and most ennobling word, the word that means the most for our earthly relationships as well as the heavenly, is this : —

“ I have called you friends.”

— *Amos R. Wells.*

Infinite Friend, Thy friendship sure  
Hath been the same for evermore,  
To all thy people and to me,  
Is all and evermore shall be ;  
Changeless and fixed as the Eternal Throne;  
The truest that this world hath known.

— *J. C. Todd.*



NE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end :  
They who once His kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.

— *John Newton.*

O GREAT Heart of God ! whose loving  
Cannot hindered be or crossed ;  
Will not weary, will not even  
In one death itself be lost.

— *Saxe Holm.*

MINE is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above ;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

— *William Cowper.*

O HIGHEST and best source of all, from out the midst of infinite mystery of suffering, we look to Thee ! On Thee our faith and hope and love, on Thee our need and despair, still call. We cannot grasp Thy being or comprehend Thy ways. We can but know Thy truth, Thy goodness, and Thy beauty. It is enough, Thou art with us ; in Thee we live. What Thou doest is eternally right ; on Thee we throw the burden of our lives. Thou art, Thou hast ever been, Thou shalt be forever ; Thou holdest us ever in sight whether we live or whether we die. . . . We weary of everything, — of labor, of rest, of pleasure, of success, of the company of friends, and of our own, but not of the divine presence uttering itself in hope and love, in peace and joy. — *J. L. Spaulding.*

THE assurance of immortality alone is not enough. For if we are told that we are to live forever and still are left without the personal knowledge of a personal God, eternity stretches before us like a boundless desert, a perpetual and desolate orphanage. It is a Divine companionship that the spirit needs first of all, and most deeply.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

“ **L**O, I am with you always.”  
With you, to lift your weak endeavor  
Unto His service, large and free;  
With you, and you with Him forever! —  
For where He is, His friends shall be.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

**A**T last the end came. The end comes for every earthly friendship. The sweetest life together of loved ones must have its last walk, its last talk, its last hand-clasp, when one goes, and the other stays. The friendship of Jesus with his disciples was very sweet; it was the sweetest friendship this world ever knew. His deep human love appears in his giving up the whole of this last evening to this tryst with his own. His heart hungered for communion with his friends; with desire he desired to eat the Passover, and enjoy these hours with them before he suffered. Then he did it also for the sake of his disciples; he wished to comfort them and make them stronger for the way. This farewell has kept the Christian hearts of all centuries warm and tender with love toward him who is the unchanging Friend, the same yesterday and to-day and forever. — *J. R. Miller.*

## HIS COMPANIE

IS the way long? Meseems not so.  
No way is long where friends do go  
In converse low and sweet and deep, —  
And all the way I have with me  
My Lord's dear Companie.

Is the way hard? But, surely, nay!  
For "Lean on Me" — His voice doth say.  
And scarce I know the path grown steep,  
So wondrously it heartens me,  
My Lord's dear Companie.

— *J. L. M. W.*

ART tired?  
There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?  
There is a sacrifice. Lift up thy head, —  
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,  
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede: —  
"Thy Father loves thee."

— *Jean Ingelow.*

DO we not expect too much from earthly  
friends, and too little from the divine Friend,  
who alone possesses infinite resources?

— *Zion's Herald.*

THOU hast given so much to me,  
Give one thing more, a grateful heart,  
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,  
As if thy blessings had spare days ;  
But such a heart, whose pulse may be  
Thy praise.

— *George Herbert.*

WE follow Jesus in and out of homes ; children  
cluster about his feet ; . . . a dozen men  
leave net and plough to bind to his their fortunes,  
and others go forth by twos, not ones, to imitate  
him. Across the centuries we love and trust him  
all the more because he was a man of many friends.

— *William C. Gannett.*

FOR the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of mankind ;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple  
We should take Him at his word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

— *F. W. Faber.*

THERE is a Friend, more tender, true,  
Than brother e'er can be ;  
Who when all others bid adieu,  
Remains the last to flee ;  
Who, be their pathway light or dim  
Deserts not those who turn to Him.

He is the Friend who changeth not,  
In sickness, or in health ;  
Whether on earth our transient lot  
Be poverty or wealth ;  
In joy or grief, contempt or fame,  
To all who seek Him, still the same.

Of human hearts he holds the key ;  
Is friendship meet for ours ?  
Oh, be assured that none but he  
Unlocks its noblest powers !  
He can recall the lost, the dead,  
Or give us dearer in their stead.

— *Caroline Lovegrove.*

KING of the world, thou livest to the end,  
Ruling the nations as no other can ;  
Best comrade, healer, teacher, guide, best friend  
And help of man.

— *Susan Coolidge.*



THE grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee around. — *Shakespeare.*

“ *THAT ye should love as I have loved you* ” —  
Oh, sweet command, that goes so far beyond  
The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart !  
A bare permission had been much ; but He  
Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,  
Chose graciously to *bid* us do the thing  
That makes our earthly happiness, and set  
A limit that we need not fear to pass,  
Because we cannot. Oh, the breadth,  
And depth, and height of love that passeth knowl-  
edge !  
Yet Jesus said, “ As I have loved you.”  
It is not that we love our precious ones  
Too much, but God too little.  
— *Frances R. Havergal.*

WORSHIP God by doing good,  
Works, not words ; kind acts, not creeds !  
He who loves God as he should,  
Makes his heart's love understood by kind deeds.  
— *Anon.*

AND lo, my heart was sad, alone,  
Bereft of one whose loving presence  
Unceasing thoughtfulness and care had given.  
My soul was plunged in solitude  
Which ne'er before had sorrow known.

'Tis now that friendship's sacred help draws near,  
And shares the painful loneliness;  
Yet with all that sympathy would willingly bestow,  
There is a depth it fails to calm.  
Far back in deep recesses of the inner self  
Unveiled, there still remains an aching hungriness  
No human love can reach to soothe.  
'Tis Christ alone who holds the key  
And knows the balm that's needed there;  
Yes, he can fathom every depth  
And mould the hidden brokenness  
To perfect harmony. — *Lucy V. Criss.*

IT is the loving of Christ which works the most  
wonderful transformation. . . . We do not  
know what God is doing for us when he gives us  
friends to love, especially when he gives us those  
the loving of whom costs us something. The  
blessing comes through the serving, through the  
giving out of life. — *J. R. Miller.*

GOD'S patient love! Misunderstood  
By hearts that suffer in the night.  
Doubted — yet waiting till Heaven's light  
Shall show how all things work for good.

God's endless Love! What will it be  
When earthly shadows flee away,  
For all eternity's bright day  
The unfolding of that Love to see!

— *Anon.*

OH, God, I pray Thee for the childlike heart  
That can enjoy — all vexing thoughts apart —  
The beauties Thou in heaven and earth dost show,  
Not fret myself with things I do not know.

— *Maltbie D. Babcock.*

HIS life was an incarnation of friendship. The  
angels sang it over the manger, "Good will to  
men." The outcasts knew it with whom He sat  
at meat. Doubters knew it, whom He led with  
gentle patience. His enemies knew it, whom His  
love condemned. His disciples knew it, whom  
with His dying breath He called friends. The  
great world shall yet know it, being drawn to the  
lifted cross of friendship. — *Amos R. Wells.*

HUSH, I pray you!  
What if this friend happen to be — God!

— *Robert Browning.*

THE love of Jesus reproduces itself in the lives of His working and suffering children. In some shape they are ever giving themselves to God and for their fellow-men. True love is no thin disembodied sentiment. Love asserts its presence in a practical visible way, when once it really lives.

— *Canon Lidden.*

“ I NEED not journey far  
This dearest Friend to see,  
Companionship is always mine,  
He makes his home with me.”

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

— *John 15: 13-15.*

CLOTHED humbly with familiar graces,  
Beside you in your path He moves :  
His face looks forth from human faces ;  
His love is breathed through human loves.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

GOD'S love and peace be with thee, . . .  
. . . Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.  
With these good gifts of God is cast  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

\* \* \* \* \*

God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, —  
The Paraclete white — shining through  
His peace, — the fall of Herman's dew.  
With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou may'st hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

— *John G. Whittier.*

THERE is only One who can take our lives with all their fault and sin, their broken strings and jangled chords, and bring from them the music of love, joy, and peace. It is related that once Mendelssohn came to see the great Frieberg organ. The old custodian, not knowing who his visitor was, refused him permission to play upon the instrument. At length, however, after much persuasion, he granted him leave to play a few notes. Mendelssohn took his seat, and soon the most wonderful music was breaking forth from the organ. The old man was spellbound. He came up beside the great master and asked his name. Learning it, he stood humiliated, self-condemned, saying, "And I refused you permission to play upon my organ!" — There comes One to us and desires to take our life and play upon it. But we withhold ourselves from him and refuse him permission, when if we would but yield ourselves to him, he would bring from our souls heavenly music.

— *J. R. Miller.*

THE meeting-point of God and man is love.

— *Henry Jones.*

THE hands that tend the sick, tend Christ; the willing feet that go on errands of love, work for Christ; the words of comfort to the sorrowful, and of sympathy to the mourner, are spoken in the name of Christ — Christ comforts the world through His friends. How much have you done for Him? What sort of a friend have you been to Him? God is working through His people; Christ is succoring through His friends — it is the vacancies in the ranks of His friends wherein the mischief lies; come and fill the one gap. — *Arthur F. Ingram.*

EVERYTHING becomes possible to those who love. . . . We shall be enabled to do so much if only we love. We live by loving, and the more we love the more we live; and therefore, when life feels dull and the spirits are low, turn and love God, love your neighbor, and you will be healed of your wound. Love Christ, the dear Master; look at His face, listen to His words, and love will waken, and you will do all things through Christ who strengtheneth you.

— *Harry Scott Holland.*

THE love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.  
— *Ephesians 3: 19.*

“WITH God go over the sea,  
Without Him not over the threshold.”

Blest with this fellowship divine,  
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine ;  
E'en as the branches to the vine,  
My soul would cling to thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,  
Here she has found her place of rest ;  
An exile still, yet not unblessed,  
While she can cling to thee.

— *Charlotte Elliot.*

“THE Lord be between thee and me forever”  
(1 Sam. 20 : 23). God is as much interested in our friendships as He is in our prayers or our praise. The kind of company we keep and the kind of friends we win, make more difference with our spiritual condition than the prayers we offer or the hymns we sing. Have no friend of whom you cannot say, “The Lord be between me and him.”

— *John F. Conan.*

WE know that all things work together for good to them that love God. — *Rom. 8 : 28.*



“THE life of faith consists of just this — being  
a child in the Father’s house.”

THE simple gospel of the humble carpenter,  
preached by twelve fishermen, has survived  
the centuries, and outlives all other philosophies  
of eighteen hundred years. I am not versed in  
the terminology of philosophies. I believe them to  
be of little use to reach the hearts, and to influence  
the action of simple men. . . . The simple faith  
of my mother is good enough for me. If we be-  
lieve this faith, what harm? If we disbelieve it,  
and thereby do wrong, what of our future?

— *Chauncey M. Depew.*

GOD is enough! thou who in hope and fear  
Toilest through desert-sands of life, sore tried,  
Climb trustful over death’s black ridge, for near  
The bright wells shine; thou wilt be satisfied.

— *Edwin Arnold.*

BROTHER, thy high desire  
In the remotest sphere shall be fulfilled.  
Oh, joy! Oh, gladness inexpressible!

— *Dante.*

THE best of all is, God is with us.

— *John Wesley.*

WHEN we understand all is from God and for Him, trouble, doubt, and anxiety die away, and the soul rests in the calm and repose that belongs to whatever is eternal. He sees all and is not disturbed. Why should we be filled with apprehension because there are ripples in the little pond where our life-boat floats? Since He has made us for everlasting bliss, He has made us to be happy now in the work that lies at our hand or in the sorrow and suffering we must bear. Whatever brings a high thought, or a gentle or a generous mood is consecrated as though wafted to us from the wings of angels. Had we the power to gratify every wish and whim, human life would become impassible. God's love is as manifest when He hems us in as when He enlarges the bounds in which he permits us to move. We ask blindly for many things, when all that we need is that He will guide us. "Thy will be done," is the sum of all true worship and right prayer.

· *J. L. Spaulding.*

WE love thee well ; but Jesus loves thee best —  
Only “good night,” beloved — not “fare-  
well !”

A little while and all His saints shall dwell  
In hallowed union, indivisible —

Good night ! — *Dorah Dondney.*

ONLY, O Lord, in thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above ;  
And help us this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

— *John Keble.*

LOVE Him, and keep him for thy Friend, who,  
when all go away, will not forsake thee, nor  
suffer thee to perish at the last.

— *Thomas à Kempis.*

IT is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into Friendship through the door of Discipleship. We can learn love through service.

— *Hugh Black.*

CONTEMPLATE the love of Christ, and you will love. Stand before that mirror, reflect Christ's character, and you will be changed into the same image from tenderness to tenderness.

— *Henry Drummond.*

### MIZPAH

GO thou thy way and I go mine ;  
    Apart, yet not afar ;  
Only a thin veil hangs between  
    The pathways where we are,  
And " God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"  
    This is my prayer ;  
He looks thy way. He looketh mine.  
    And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie  
    Or which way mine may be ;  
If mine will be through parching sands,  
    And thine beside the sea ;  
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,  
    So never fear ;  
He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,  
    And keeps us near.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

And though our paths be separate,  
And thy way is not mine,  
Yet, coming to the mercy seat,  
My soul will meet with thine ;  
And " God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"  
I'll whisper there.  
He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,  
And we are near. — *Julia A. Baker.*

ONE of the most valuable changes which comes to a human friendship when it is deepened into a communion of the Holy Ghost is the assurance of permanence which it requires. When friendship enters into God, and we are bound together through our common union with Him, all the strength of that higher union authenticates and assures the faithfulness of the love that is bound up with it. The souls that meet in God may well believe that they shall hold each other as eternally as He holds each and each holds Him.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

THERE is a Friend better than any, better than all, human friends. There are needs of our lives that no friends of earth can satisfy.

— *J. R. Miller.*

OF earthly friends, who finds them true  
May boast a happy lot ;  
But happier still, life's journey through,  
And earthly joys forgot,  
To feel a heavenly Friend is nigh  
Whose love and care can never die.

— *Caroline Lovegrove.*

“ I HAVE loved thee with an everlasting love ”  
(Jer. 31 : 3). “ The highest and closest relation possible between any two is friendship. The basis of friendship is sympathy. The atmosphere of friendship is mutual unquestioning truth. In the original meaning of the word — a friend is a lover, a friend is one who loves you for your sake alone, and steadfastly loves, regardless of any return. . . . Friendship grows with exchange of confidence. Friends are confidants.” As in a double solitude, ye think in each other's hearing. . . . Trust is the native air of Friendship, a breath of doubt chills and chokes. . . . Now this is the tender relation which God himself desires with each of us. Did Jesus ever speak more tenderly than on that last Thursday night when he said to those constant companions of two

years, "I have called you *friends*, for all that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you." . . . "Trust is the native element of friendship — friendship with God. A constant feeling of confidence in *God* that believes in his overruling power and in unfailing love, and rests in him in the darkness. . . . Let us climb up, He is ever moving us into the inner recesses of friendship with himself."

— *S. D. Gordon.*

O MASTER, let me walk with thee,  
In lowly paths of service free;  
Tell me thy secret, help me bear  
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear, winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience, still with thee  
In closer, dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

— *Washington Gladden.*

THE merest grass  
Along the roadside where we pass,  
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed  
Tell of His love who sends the dew,  
The rain and sunshine too,  
To nourish one small seed.

— *Christina Rossetti.*

THERE is scarcely any character under which Christ in His Manhood is represented by which He comes so near and dear to us as that of *Friend*. Man is a social being, and a large portion of our earthly enjoyment springs from the society of our friends. Now Jesus meets this deep want of our nature by offering to all—the most guilty transgressor—the homeless wanderer—the abandoned outcast—the precious boon of His friendship. But let us remember that while it is the true friendship of man that Jesus offers us, it is also that of God. While He wears our nature, and is truly our Brother, He is also our King. His friendship is therefore backed by Omnipotence, and it cannot consequently possibly fail in what it undertakes to do for us. We may have an earthly friend who is neither wanting in constancy of



affection nor in willingness to make any sacrifice to aid us, but is deficient in ability. In the dark hour of our extremity, when we most need aid, he stands by, it may be, with a tearful eye and a bleeding heart; but utterly helpless to assist us. But it is not so with Jesus. Never can we be beyond the grasp of His powerful hand. His resources are not only boundless, but they are available when we most require them.

— *Robert Boyd.*

I LOOK to Thee in every need,  
And never look in vain;  
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,  
And all is well again;  
The thought of Thee is mightier far  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road;  
But let me only think of thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

— *Samuel Longfellow.*

## O LOVE OF GOD

O LOVE of God, how strong and true !  
Eternal, and yet ever new ;  
Uncomprehended and unbought,  
Beyond all knowledge and all thought !

O heavenly love, how precious still !  
In days of weariness and ill,  
In nights of pain and helplessness,  
To heal, to comfort, and to bless !

O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,  
We read Thee in the sky above ;  
We read Thee in the earth below,  
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

We read Thee best in Him who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame,  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.

O Love of God, our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way ;  
Eternal love, in thee we rest,  
Forever safe, forever blest.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

ONE of the chief blessings of the Christian life comes from the assurance that we may know Jesus Christ. It is our privilege to enter into close relations of spiritual friendship with the Son of God. Human fellowship of kindred hearts is sweet to the soul, but the fellowship with the Redeemer of men is precious beyond compare. And it is not association at a distance ; acquaintance through a second person ; or friendship at arm's length — but the intimate communion of soul with Soul ; so close, so conscious, so satisfying that we say with spiritual exultation, as the apostle did : “ I know whom I have believed ! ”

The joy of knowing Jesus Christ is one of the greatest possessions to which the soul, freed from the burden of sin, and admitted to the fellowship of the saints, falls heir. Amid all the toil and tumult of life, with its discouragements, perplexities, sorrows, and burdens, it is a priceless boon to have in our hearts the conviction that we know Jesus Christ. It steadies faith ; it stimulates hope ; it cheers the heart ; it gives new meaning and purpose to the life that now is, and it casts over the life that is to come the delights of blissful anticipation.

— *Epworth Herald*.

OUR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord  
What may our service be?  
Not name, nor fame, nor ritual word,  
But simply following Thee.

— *John G. Whittier.*

A BUSY woman entered her room hastily as twilight shades were falling, went directly to her desk, turned on the gas, and began to write. Page after page she wrote ; five minutes she worked, ten, half an hour. The solitude became oppressive. She wheeled her chair around, and, with a shock of joyful surprise, looked squarely into the smiling face of her dearest friend lying on the lounge by her side.

“Why, I didn’t know you were here!” she cried. “Why didn’t you speak to me?”

“Because you were so busy. You didn’t speak to me.”

So with Jesus — here all the time. The room is full of Him, always ready to greet us with a smile — but we are so busy ! But when the solitude grows oppressive — and there are heart solitudes that can be only broken as we let this dearest Friend speak — we suddenly turn, and lo ! He is

at our side. We speak to Him, and He speaks to us, and the soul's deepest yearnings are completely satisfied.

— *Anon.*

## DIVINE AND HUMAN

JESUS, Saviour, Friend most dear !  
Dwell thou with us daily here !  
By Thine own life teach us this —  
How divine the human is !

One with God, as heart with heart,  
Saviour, lift us where Thou art !  
Join us to His life, through Thine,  
Human still, though all divine !

\* \* \* \* \*

O Love, O Friend, Thy name is God !  
Lord of the unseen and the known !  
Thy thoughts the universe have trod,  
With worlds like sands of silver strewn.

Lead us through these bewildering ways  
Of pain and beauty thou hast trod !  
Thou art our creed, our prayer, our praise,  
O Christ, Thou human heart of God !

— *Lucy Larcom.*

THE hour draws near, howe'er delayed or late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that gate no toll;  
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,  
And live because He lives.

— *John G. Whittier.*

SO now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine,  
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask  
To understand the "wherefore" of each line, —  
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task:  
Just to look up to Thee for every word,  
Rest in Thy love, and trust, and know that I am  
heard.

— *Frances R. Havergal.*

GOD! Thou art Love! I build my faith on  
that!

I know Thee, Thou hast kept my feet and made  
Light for me in the darkness — tempering sorrow,  
So that it reached me like a solemn joy:  
It were too strange that I should doubt  
Thy love.

— *Robert Browning.*

WITH those who have made ready to receive  
Him in peaceful trust, He will come and  
dwell in love and joy; and great is their rest and  
blessedness.

— *Abbé Guilleré.*

AH, there is no friendship without the Friend!  
Neither can it be begun, nor continued, nor  
enjoyed, without the Friend. I have said that  
friendship does not require two; it does, but the  
other is Christ!

— *Amos R. Wells.*

O LOVE, give me a heart so like Thine own  
That it may beat in unison with Thine;  
Make it a temple for Thyself alone,  
Too long it has been filled with thoughts of mine.

— *Anna F. Granniss.*

THEN let my feet be swift to run for Thee,  
My hands essay Thy lowliest work to do,  
My heart be warm with love, my gladness be  
To hear Thy voice and know its accents true.  
And still when thou shalt summons, may I go,  
Oh, Friend Divine, thrice blest to serve Thee so.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

“*YE* are My *friends* —”

“We love Him because He first loved us” (1 John 4:19). Christ had happiness in social relationship. He counted a good deal on that. When He drew the group of twelve disciples around Him, it was not as a theological class that He might teach, it was as twelve personal, intimate friends; and He cared for their friendship. Out of this twelve He selected three and cared for them more; and out of the three He selected one whom He cared for most of all. He rejoiced in the joy of friendship. . . . When He was about to die He gathered the disciples about Him and He told them that this was what He had desired to do — that in this social gathering he had found pleasure and happiness. Yes, Christ knew something of pleasure, and He knew more of happiness, but most of all He knew of blessedness. The deeper joys were His. The joy that walks in the invisible, the joy of companionship with God, the joy of suffering for righteousness’ sake, the joy of self-sacrifice, the joy of pain, the joy of tears — these were His, and these were more to Him than others, more than happiness, more than pleasure.

— *Lyman Abbott.*



THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn, Thy Glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into Heaven —  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes —  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

— *Thomas Moore.*

LOVE for Christ is transforming the world.  
Love always transforms. Many a life is made  
beautiful by a pure, sweet, strong human love.

— *J. R. Miller.*

AN ancient temple, drawn  
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico,  
And gray forbidding gateway, grim as woe;  
And o'er the portal, cut in antique line  
The words — cut likewise in this brain of mine —  
“Would'st have a friend? — wouldst know what  
friend is best?  
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest.”  
— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

DEAR Lord, help me to obey because I love  
Thee. May my will be Thine, and Thy  
will mine. Give me that joy of life which can be  
found only in friendship with Thee.  
— *Floyd W. Tompkins.*

O LOVE that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May fuller, richer be. — *G. Matherson.*

IN my own hands my want and weakness are,  
My strength, O God, in Thine.  
— *Bayard Taylor.*

THIS name of Christ tests all life for us. Anything we cannot write this blessed Name over is unfit for us to do. What we cannot do in this blessed Name we ought not to do at all. The friendship on which we cannot write "in the name of Jesus" is not a friendship we should take into our life. The business we cannot conduct in Christ's name we would better not try to conduct. The gate over which this Name is not written we should not enter.

— *J. R. Miller.*

IF we choose our friends in Christ, neither here, nor ever, need we fear parting, and we'll have the secure joy and peace which come from having a friend who is as one's own soul.

— *Hugh Black.*

ALL loves revive and grow and thrive  
In God's great resting-place.

— *J. L. Cosham.*







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